

THE
R I V A L
L A D I E S.

A
Tragi-Comedy.

As it was Acted at the Theater-
Royal.

----- *Nos hæc Novimus esse nihil.*



L O N D O N,

Printed by W. W. for Henry Heringman, and are to
be Sold at his Shop in the Lower-walk in the New-
Exchange. 1664.

R I V A J

J A D E S

to the

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To the Right Honourable Roger
Earl of ORRERY.

My LORD,



His worthless Present was design'd you, long before it was a Play; when it was only a confus'd Mass of Thoughts, tumbling over one another in the Dark: when the Fancy was yet in its first work, moving the Sleeping Images of things towards the Light, there to be Distinguish'd, and then either chosen or rejected by the Judgment: It was Yours, my Lord, before I could call it mine. And, I confess, in that first Tumult of my Thoughts, there appear'd a disorderly kind of Beauty in some of them, which gave me hope, something worthy my Lord of Orrery might be drawn from them: But I was then in that eagerness of Imagination, which by over-pleasing Fancifull Men, flatters them into the Danger of Writing; so that when I had Moulded it to that Shape it now bears, I look'd with such Disgust upon it, that the Censures of our severest Critiques are Charitable to what I thought (and still think) of it my Self: 'Tis so far from me to believe this perfect, that I am apt to conclude our best Plays are scarcely so. For the Stage being the Representation of the World, and the Actions in it, how can it be imagin'd, that the Picture of Human Life can be more Exact than Life it Self is? He may be allow'd sometimes to Err, who undertakes to move so many Characters and Humours as are requisite in a Play, in those narrow Channels which are proper to each of them: To conduct his imaginary Persons, through so many various Intrigues and Chances, as the Labouring Audience shall think them lost under every Billow; and then at length to work them so naturally out of their Distresses, that when the whole Plot is laid open, the Spectators may rest satisfied, that every cause was powerfull enough to produce the effect it had; and that the whole Chain of them was with such due order Link'd together, that the first Accident would naturally beget the second, till they all render'd the Conclusion necessary.

These difficulties, my Lord, may reasonably excuse the Errors of my Undertaking; but for this confidence of my Dedication, I have an Argument which is too Advantageous for me, not to publish it to the World. 'Tis the kindness your Lordship has continually shewn to all my writings. You have been pleas'd, my Lord, they should sometimes cross the Irish Seas to Kiss your Hands; which passage (contrary to the Experience of others) I have found the least dangerous in the world. Your favour has shone upon me at a remote distance, without the least knowledge of my Person; and (like the Influence of the Heavenly Bodies) you have done good without knowing to whom you did it. 'Tis this Virtue in your Lordship, which imboldens me to this attempt: for did I not consider you as my Patron, I have little reason to desire you for my Judge; and should appear with as much awe before you in the Reading, as I had when the full Theater sat upon the Action. For who could so severely judge of Faults as he, who has given testimony he commits none? Your excellent Poems having afforded that knowledge of it to the World, that your Enemies are ready to upbraid you with it, as a Crime for a Man of business to write so well. Neither durst I have justified your Lordship in it, if examples of it had not been in the World before you; if Xenophon had not written a Romance, and a certain Roman call'd Augustus Caesar, a Tragedy, and Epigrams. But their Writing was the entertainment of their Pleasure; Yours is only a Diversion of your Pain. The Muses have seldom employed your Thoughts, but when some violent fit of the Gout has snatch'd you from Affairs of State: And, like the Priestess of Apollo, you never come to deliver his Oracles, but Unwillingly, and in Torment. So that we are oblig'd to your Lordships misery for our Delight: You treat us with the Cruel pleasure of a Turkish triumph, where those who Cut and wound their Bodies, sing Songs of Victory as they pass, and divert others with their own Sufferings. Other men endure their Discomfites, your Lordship only can enjoy them. Plutting and Writing in this kind, are certainly more troublesome employments than many which signify more, and are of greater moment in the World: The Fancy, Memory, and Judgment, are then extended (like so many Limbs) upon the Rack; all of them Reaching with their utmost stress at Nature; a thing so almost Infinite, and Boundless, as can never fully be Comprehended, but where the Images of all things are always present. Yet I wonder not, your Lordship succeeds so well in this attempt; the Knowledge of Men is your daily practice in the World; to work and bend their stubborn Minds, which go not all after the same Grain, but each of them so particular a way, that the same common Humours, in several

veral Persons, must be wrought upon by several means. Thus, my Lord, your Sickness is but the imitation of your Health; the Poet but subordinate to the States-man in you; you still govern Men with the same Address, and manage Business with the same Prudence; allowing it here (as in the World) the due Increase and Growth, till it comes to the just height; and then turning it when it is fully Ripe, and Nature calls out, as it were, to be deliver'd. With this only advantage of ease to you in your Poetry, that you have Fortune here at your command: with which, wisdom does often unsuccessfully struggle in the World. Here is no chance which you have not fore-seen; all your Heroes are more than your Subjects; they are your Creatures. And though they seem to move freely, in all the Sallies of their Passions, yet you make Destinies for them which they cannot shun. They are mov'd (if I may dare to say so) like the Rational Creatures of the Almighty Poet, who walk at Liberty, in their own Opinion, because their Fetters are Invincible; when indeed the Prison of their Will, is the more sure for being large: and instead of an absolute Power over their Actions, they have only a wretched Desire of doing that, which they cannot choose but do.

I have dwelt, my Lord, thus long upon your Writing, not because you deserve not greater and more noble Commendations, but because I am not equally able to express them in other Subjects. Like an ill Swimmer, I have willingly staid long in my own Depth: and though I am eager of performing more, yet am loath to Venture out beyond my Knowledge. For beyond your Poetry, my Lord, all is Ocean to me. To Speak of you as a Souldier, or a States-man, were only to betray my own Ignorance: and I could hope no better success from it, than that miserable Rhetorician had, who solemnly Declaim'd before Hannibal, of the Conduct of Armies, and the Art of war. I can only say in general, that the Souls of other Men shine out at little Crannies; they understand some one thing, perhaps, to Admiration, while they are Darkned on all the other Parts: But your Lordship's Soul is an intire Globe of Light, breaking out on every Side; and if I have only discover'd one Beam of it, 'tis not that the Light falls unequally, but because the Body which receives it, is of unequal Parts.

The acknowledgment of which is a fair Occasion offer'd me, to retire from the consideration of your Lordship, to that of my Self: I here present you, my Lord, with that in Print, which you had the Goodness not to Dislike upon the Stage; and account it happy to have met you here in England: it being at best, like small wines, to be Drunk on: upon the place, and has not Body enough to endure the Sea. I know not whether I have
been

been so carefull of the Plot and Language as I ought; but for the latter I have endeavour'd to write English, as near as I could distinguish it from the Tongue of Pedants, and that of affected Travellours. Only I am Sorry, that (Speaking so noble a Language as we do) we have not a more certain Measure of it, as they have in France, where they have an Academy erected for that purpose, and Indow'd with large Privileges by the present King. I wish we might at length leave to borrow Words from other Nations, which is now a wantonness in us, not a Necessity; but so long as some affect to Speak them, there will not want others who will have the boldness to write them.

But I fear least defending the receiv'd words, I shall be accus'd for following the New way, I mean, of writing Scenes in Verse: though, to Speak properly, 'tis not so much a New way amongst us, as an Old way new receiv'd: For many Years before Shakespears Plays, was the Tragedy of Queen Gorboduc in English Verse, written by that famous Lord Buckhurst, afterwards Earl of Dorset, and Progenitor to that Excellent Person, who (as he Inherits his Soul and Title) I wish may Inherit his good Fortune. But supposing our Country-men had not receiv'd this writing till of late; Shall we Oppose our selves to the most polish'd and civiliz'd Nations of Europe? Shall we with the same Singularity oppose the World in this, as most of us do in pronouncing Latin? Or do we desire that the Brand which Barclay has, (I hope) unjustly laid upon the English, should still continue? Angli suos ac sua omnia impense mirantur; ceteras nationes despectui habent. All the Spanish and Italian Tragedies I have yet seen, are writ in Rhyme: For the French, I do not name them, because it is the Fate of our Country-men to admit little of theirs among us, but the Basest of their Men, the Extravagances of their Fashions, and the Frippery of their Merchandise. Shakespear (who with some Errors not to be avoided in that Age, had, undoubtedly a larger Soul of Poësie than ever any of our Nation) was the first, who to shun the pains of continual Rhyming, invented that kind of Writing, which we call Blanck Verse, but the French more properly, Prose Mesurée: into which the English Tongue so naturally Slides, that in writing Prose 'tis hardly to be avoided. And therefore, I admire some Men should perpetually stumble in a way so easie. And inverting the order of their words, constantly close their Lines with Verbs; which though commended sometimes in writing Latin, yet we were whipt at Westminster if we us'd it twice together. I know some, who if they were to write in Blanck Verse, Sir, I ask your pardon, would think it Sounded more Heroically to write,
Sir,

Sir, I your pardon ask. I should judge him to have little command of English, whom the necessity of a Rhyme should force often upon this Rock; though sometimes it cannot easily be avoided: And indeed this is the only inconvenience with which Rhyme can be charged. This is that which makes them say, Rhyme is not natural, it being only so, when the Poet either makes a Vicious choice of Words, or places them for Rhyme sake so unnaturally, as no Man would in ordinary Speaking: but when 'tis so judiciously order'd, that the first word in the Verse seems to beget the second, and that the next, till that becomes the last word in the Line, which in the negligence of Prose would be so; it must then be granted, Rhyme has all the advantages of Prose, besides its own. But the Excellence and Dignity of it, were never fully known till Mr. Waller taught it; He first made Writing easily an Art: First shew'd us to conclude the Sense, most commonly, in Distichs; which in the Verse of those before him, runs on for so many Lines together, that the Reader is out of Breath to overtake it. This sweetness of Mr. Wallers Lyrick Poesie was afterwards follow'd in the Epick by Sir John Denham, in his Coopers-Hill: a Poem which your Lordship knows for the Majesty of the Style, is, and ever will be the exact Standard of good Writing. But if we owe the Invention of it to Mr. Waller, we are acknowledging for the Noblest use of it to Sir William D'avenant; who at once brought it upon the Stage, and made it perfect, in the Siege of Rhodes.

The advantages which Rhyme has over Blanck Verse, are so many, that it were lost time to name them: Sir Philip Sidney, in his defence of Poesie gives us one, which, in my Opinion, is not the least considerable; I mean the help it brings to Memory: which Rhyme so Knits up by the Affinity of Sounds, that by remembering the last word in one Line, we often call to Mind both the Verses. Then in the quickness of Reparties, (which in Discursive Scenes fall very often) it has so particular a Grace, and is so aptly Suited to them, that the suddain Smartness of the Answer, and the Sweetness of the Rhyme, set off the Beauty of each other. But that benefit which I consider most in it, because I have not seldome found it, is, that it Bounds and Circumscribes the Fancy. For Imagination in a Poet is a faculty so wild and Lawless, that, like an High-ranging Spaniel it must have Cloggs tied to it, lest it out-run the Judgment. The great easiness of Blanck Verse, renders the Poet too Luxuriant; He is tempted to say many things, which might better be Omitted, or at least shut up in fewer words: But when the difficulty of Arisfull Rhyming is interpos'd, where the Poet commonly confines his Sence to his Couplet, and must contrive

trive that Sence into such Words, that the Rhyme shall naturally follow them, not they the Rhyme; the Fancy then gives leisure to the Judgment to come in; which seeing so heavy a Tax impos'd, is ready to cut off all unnecessary Expences. This last Consideration has already answer'd an Objection which some have made; that Rhyme is only an Embroidery of Sence, to make that which is ordinary in it self pass for excellent with less Examination. But certainly, that which most regulates the Fancy, and gives the Judgment its busiest Employment, is like to bring forth the richest and clearest Thoughts. The Poet examines that most which be produceth with the greatest Leisure, and which, he knows, must pass the severest Test of the Audience, because they are aptest to have it ever in their Memory: as the Stomach makes the best Concoction when it strictly embraces the Nourishment, and takes account of every little Particle as it passes through. But as the best Medicines may lose their Virtue, by being ill applied, so is it with Verse, if a fit Subject be not chosen for it. Neither must the Argument alone, but the Characters, and Persons be great and noble; Otherwise, (as Scaliger says of Claudian) the Poet will be, Ignobiliore materia deprectus. The Scenes, which, in my Opinion, most commend it, are those of Argumentation and Discourse, on the result of which the doing or not doing some considerable action should depend.

But, my Lord, though I have more to say upon this Subject, yet I must remember 'tis your Lordship to whom I speak; who have much better commended this way by your writing in it, than I can do by writing for it. Where my Reasons cannot prevail, I am sure your Lordship's example must. Your Rhetorick has gain'd my cause; at least the greater part of my Design has already succeeded to my wish, which was to interest so noble a Person in the Quarrel, and withall to testify to the world how happy I esteem my Self in the honour of being,

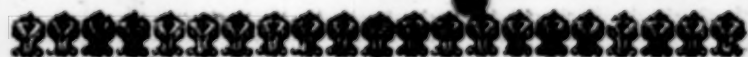
My Lord,

Your Lordship's most

Humble, and most

Obedient Servant,

John Driden.



PROLOGUE

To the RIVAL-LADIES.

T*Is much Desir'd, you Judges of the Town
Would pass a Vote to put all Prologues down;
For who can show me, since they first were writ,
They e'r Converted one hard-hearted wit?
Yet the world's mended well; in former Days
Good Prologues were as scarce, as now good Plays.
For the reforming Poets of our Age,
In this first Charge, spend their Poetique rage:
Expect no more when once the Prologue's done;
The wit is ended e'r the Play's begun.
You now have Habits, Dances, Scenes, and Rhymes;
High Language often; I, and Sense, sometimes:
As for a clear Contrivance doubt it not;
They blow out Candles to give Light to th' Plot:
And for Surprise, two Bloody-minded Men
Fight till they Dye, then rise and Dance agen:
Such deep Intrigues you'r welcome to this Day:
But blame your Selves, not him who writ the Play;
Though his Plot's Dull, as can be well desir'd,
Wit stiff as any you have e'r admir'd:
He's bound to please, not to write well; and knows
There is a Mode in Plays as well as Cloaths:
Therefore kind Judges -----*



A SECOND PROLOGUE

Enters.

2. ----- Hold; Would you admit
For Judges all you see within the Pit?

1. Whom would he then Except, or on what Score?

2. All, who (like him) have Writ ill Plays before;
For they, like Thieves condemn'd, are Hang-men made,
To execute the Members of their Trade.

All that are Writing now he would disown;

But then he must Except, ev'n all the Town.

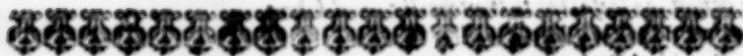
All Chol'rique, losing Gamesters, who in spight
Will Damn to Day, because they lost last Night.

All Servants whom their Mistress's scorn upbraids;

All Maudlin Lovers, and all Slighted Maids:

All who are out of Humour, or Severe;

All, that want Wit, or hope to find it here.



Personæ



Personæ Dramatis.

Don Gonfálvo de Peralta, A }
young Gentleman, newly } In love with *Julia*.
arriv'd from the *Indies* ; }

Don Rhodorigo de Sylva ; } In love with the same
Lady. }

Don Manuel de Torres. Brother to *Julia*.

Julia, Elder Sister to *Don* }
Manuel ; } Promis'd to *Rhodorigo*.

Honoris, younger Sister to *Don* }
Manuel, disguis'd in the Habit } In love with *Gon-*
of a Man, and going by the } *salvo*.
Name of *Hippolito* ; }

Angellina, Sister to *Don* } Likewise in Love with *Gon-*
Rhodorigo, in Man's } *salvo*, and going by the
Habit ; } Name of *Amideo*.

Servants. } Sea-men.

Robbers. } Masquers.

The Scene Alicant.

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF

CHARLES THE FIRST

BY

JOHN BURNET

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

IN TWO VOLUMES

THE SECOND VOLUME

CONTAINING THE

REIGN OF

CHARLES THE SECOND

BY

JOHN BURNET



THE
RIVAL-LADIES.

A& First. Scene First.

Enter Gonfalvo, Servant.

The Scene a Wood.

Gonf. **N** Ay, 'twas a strange as well as cruel Storm,
To take us almost in the Port of *Sevil*,
And drive us up as far as *Barcellona*;
The whole Plate-Fleet was scatter'd, some part
wrack'd;

There one might see the Sailors diligent
To cast o'r-board the Merchants envy'd Wealth,
While he, all Pale, and Dying, stood in doubt
Whether to ease the Burden of the Ship
By Drowning of his Ingots, or himself.

Serv. Fortune is a Woman every where,

B

But

But most upon the Sea:

Gonf. Had that been all
I should not have Complain'd; but ere we could
Repair our Ship, to drive us back again
Was such a Cruelty ----

Serv. Yet that short time you staid at *Barcellona*
You Husbanded so well, I think you left
A Mistress there.

Gonf. I made some small Essays
Of Love, what might have been I cannot tell:
But to leave that, upon what part of *Spain*
Are we now cast?

Serv. Sir, I take that City to be *Alicante*.

Gonf. Some days must of necessity be spent
In looking to our Ship; then back again
For *Sevil*.

Serv. There you'r sure you shall be welcome.

Gonf. I, if my Brother *Rodorick* be return'd
From *Flanders*; but 'tis now three Years since I
Have heard from him, and since I saw him twelve.

Serv. Your growth, and your long absence in the *Indies*
I have alter'd you so much, he'l scarcely know you.

Gonf. I'm sure I should not him, and less my Sister;
Who, when I with my Uncle went this Voyage,
Was then one of those little prating Girls
Of whom fond Parents tell such tedious stories:
Well, go you back.

Serv. I go Sir.

Gonf. And take care
None of the Sea-men slip ashore.

Serv. I shall Sir;

[Exit Servant.]

Gonf. Ile walk a little while among these Trees,
Now the fresh Evening air blows from the Hills,
And breaths the sweetness of the Orange flowers
Upon me, from the Gardens neer the City.

Robbers within.

1 Rob. I say, make sure, and Kill him;

Hip. For Heaven's dear sake have pity on my Youth; [within]

Gonf. Some

(3)

Gonf. Some violence is offer'd in the Wood
By Robbers to a Traveller : Who ere
Thou art, humanity obliges me
To give thee succour.

Hip. Help ! Ah cruel men !

[*within.*

Gonf. This way I think the Voice came, 'tis not far. [*Exit.*

} *The Scene draws, and discovers Hippolito bound to a*
2 *Tree, and two Robbers by him with drawn Swords.*

2 *Rob.* Strip him, and let him go :

1 *Rob.* Dispatch him quite ; off with his Doublet quickly.

Hip. Ah me unfortunate !

Enter Gonfalso, seizes the Sword of one of them, and runs him through ; then after a little resistance Disarms the other.

2 *Rob.* If you have mercy in you spare my Life ;

I never was consenting to a Deed

So black as Murder , though my Fellow urg'd me :

I only meant to Rob, and I am punisht

Enough, in missing of my wicked aim.

Gonf. Do they rob Angels here ? This sweet Youth has

A Face so like one which I lately saw

It makes your Crime of Kin to Sacrilege :

But Live, and henceforth

Take nobler Courses to maintain your Life :

Here's something that will rescue you from want,

Till you can find employment.

[*Gives him Gold, and unbinds Hippolito.*

Hip. What strange adventure's this ! How little hop'd I,

When thus Disguis'd I stole from *Barcellona* ,

To be reliev'd by brave *Gonfalso* here ?

[*Aside.*

2 *Rob.* That Life you have preserv'd shall still be yours ;

And that you may perceive, how much my Nature

Is wrought upon by this your generous Act ;

That goodness you have shown to me, Ile use

To others for your Sake, if you dare trust me

A moment from your Sight.

B 2

Gonf. Nay,

Gonf. Nay, take your Sword;
I will not so much crush a Budding virtue
As to suspect. [*Gives him his Sword.*
[*Exit Robber.*

—— Sweet Youth, you shall not leave me
Till I have seen you safe.

Hip. You need not doubt it :
Alas ! I find I cannot if I would ;
I am but freed to be a greater Slave : [*Aside.*
How much am I oblig'd, Sir, to your Valour ?

Gonf. Rather to your own Sweetness, pretty Youth ;
You must have been some way preserv'd, though I
Had not been neer ; my Aid did but prevent
Some Miracle more slowly setting out
To save such Excellence.

Hip. How much more gladly could I hear those words,
If he that Spoke them knew he Spoke to me ! [*Aside.*

*Enter the Robber again with Don Manuel, and Julia
bound.*

My Brother and my Sister Pris'ners too !
They cannot sure discover me through this
Disguise ; however Ile not Venture it. [*Steps behind the Trees.*

Rob. This Gentleman and Lady [*To Gonfalso privately.*
My Fellows bound. [*Exit Robbers.*

Man. We must prepare to Dye ;
This is the Captain of the Picarons.

Jul. Me-thinks he looks like one ; I have a strange
Aversion to that Man ; He's fatal to me.

Gonf. I ne'r saw Excellence in Woman-kind [*Stares on her.*
Till now, and yet discern it at the first :
Perfection is discover'd in a moment.

He that ne'r saw the Sun before, yet knows him.

Jul. How the Villain stares upon me !

Gonf. Wonder prepares my Soul, and then Love enters :
But wonder is so close pursu'd by Love,
That like a Fire it warms as soon as born.

Man. If

Man. If we must Dye, what need these Circumstances ?

Jul. Heav'n defend me from him !

Gonf. Why Madam, can you doubt a Rudeness from me ?
Your very Fears and Grievs create an awe,
Such Majesty they bear; me-thinks I see
Your Soul retir'd within her inmost Chamber,
Like a fair Mourner sit in State, with all
The silent Pomp of Sorrow round about her.

Man. Your Language does expresse a Man bred up
To worthier ways than those you follow now :

Gonf. What does he mean ? [Aside.]

Man. If (as it seems) you Love; Love is a passion
Which kindles honour into noble Acts :
Restore my Sisters liberty; oblige her,
And see what Gratitude will work.

Gonf. All this is stranger yet.

Man. What ere a Brothers power
To morrow can do for you, claim it boldly.

Gonf. I know not why you think your selves my Pris'ners ;
This Ladies freedome is a thing too precious
To be dispos'd by any but her Self :
But value this small Service as you please,
Which you reward too Prodiggally, by
Permitting me to Pay her more.

Jul. Love from an Out-law ? from a Villain love ?
If I have that pow'r on thee thou pretend'st,
Go and persue thy Mischiefs, but presume not
To follow me : ----- come Brother. [Exeunt Julia, Manuel.]

Gonf. Those foul names of Out-law, and of Villain,
I never did deserve : They raise my wonder. [walks.]
Dull that I was, not to find this before ?
She took me for the Captain of the Robbers :
It must be so; Ile tell her her mistake.

Goes out hastily, and returns immediately.

She's gone, She's gone, and who or whence she is
I cannot tell; me-thinks she should have left
A Track so bright I might have follow'd her;
Like setting Suns that Vanish in a Glory.
O Villain that I am ! O hated Villain !

Enter

Enter Hippolito again.

Hip. I cannot suffer you to wrong your self
So much; for though I do not know your Person;
Your Actions are too fair, too noble, Sir,
To merit that foul Name:

Gonf. Prithee do not flatter me, I am a Villain,
That admirable Lady said I was.

Hip. I fear you Love her, Sir.

Gonf. No, no; not Love her:
Love is the name of some more gentle passion;
Mine is a Fury grown up in a moment
To an extremity, and lasting in it:
An heap of Powder set on Fire, and burning
As long as any ordinary Fewel.

Hip. How could he Love so soon? and yet alas!
What cause have I to ask that question?

Who lov'd him the first Minute that I saw him:

I cannot leave him thus, though I perceive
His heart engag'd another way.

[*Aside.*
To him.

Sir, can you have such pity on my Youth,
On my forsaken, and my helpless Youth,
To take me to your Service?

Gonf. Would't thou serve
A Mad-man? how can he take care of thee
Whom Fortune and his Reason have abandon'd?
A Man that saw, and Lov'd, and disoblig'd,
Is Banish'd, and is Mad, all in a moment.

Hip. Yet you alone have Title to my Service;
You make me Yours by your preserving me:
And that's the title Heav'n has to Mankind.

Gonf. Prithee no more.

Hip. I know your Mistress too:

Gonf. Ha! dost thou know the person I adore?
Answer me quickly; Speak, and Ile receive thee:
Hast thou no Tongue?

Hip. Why, Did I say I knew her?

All

All I can hope for, if I have my wish
To Live with him, is but to be Unhappy. [Aside.]

Gonf. Thou false and lying Boy, to say thou knewst her;
Prethee say something, though thou Cosen't me.

Hip. Since you will know, her name is *Julia*, Sir,
And that young Gentleman you saw, her Brother,
Don Manuel de Torres.

Gonf. Say I should take thee, Boy, and should employ thee
To that fair Lady, wouldst thou serve me faithfully?

Hip. You ask me an hard question; I can Dye
For you, perhaps I cannot Woo so well.

Gonf. I knew thou wouldst not do't.

Hip. I swear I would:

But, Sir, I grieve to be the Messenger
Of more unhappy News; She must be Married
This Day to one *Don Roderick de Sylva*,
Betwixt whom and her Brother there has been
A long (and it was thought a mortal) Quarrel,
But now it must for ever end in Peace:
For hapning both to Love each others Sisters,
They have concluded it in a cross Marriage;
Which, in the Pallace of *Don Roderick*,
They went to Celebrate from their Country-house,
When, taken by the Thieves, you rescu'd them.

Gonf. Me-thinks I am grown patient on a suddain;
And all my Rage is gone: Like losing Gamblers
Who fret and storm, and swear at little Losses:
But, when they see all hope of Fortune vanish'd,
Submit and gain a Temper by their Ruine.

Hip. Would you could cast this Love, which troubles you
Out of your mind.

Gonf. I cannot Boy; but since
Her Brother, with intent to Cozen me,
Made me the promise of his best assistance;
Ile take some course to be reveng'd of him.

Is going out,

But stay, I charge thee, Boy, discover not
To any who I am;

Hip. Alas,

Hip. Alas, I cannot, Sir, I know you not.

Gonf. Why, there's it is; I am Mad again; Oh Love!

Hip. Oh Love!

[*Exeunt ambo.*]

Scene the Second.

*Enter two Servants of Don Rodorick's, placing Chairs, and
Talking as they place them.*

1 Serv. **M**ake ready quickly there; *Don Manuel*
And his fair Sister; that must be our Lady,
Are coming in.

2. They have been long expected;
'Tis Evening now, and the Canonique hours
For Marriage are past.

1. The nearer Bed-time
The better still; my Lord will not defer it:
He swears the Clergy are no fit Judges
Of our Necessities.

2. Where is my Lord?

1. Gone out to meet his Bride.

2. I wonder that my Lady *Angellina*
Went not with him, She's to be Married too.

1. I do not think she Fancies much the Man;
Only, to make the Reconcilement perfect
Betwixt the Families, she's Passive in it;
The choice being but her Brother's, not her Own.

2. Troth, wer't my case, I car'd not who chose for me:

1. Nor I; 'twould save the Procefs of a tedious Passion,
A long Law-suit of Love, which quite consumes
An honest Lover ere he gets Possession:
I would come plump, and fresh, and all my Self;
Serv'd up to my Brides Bed like a fat Fowl,
Before the Froit of Love had nipt me through.
I look on Wives as on good dull Companions,
For elder Brothers to Sleep out their time with;
All we can hope for in the Marriage-bed,

Is but to take our Rest ; and what care I
Who lays my Pillow for me.

Enter a Poet with Verses.

2. Now, what's your business Friend ?

Poet. An *Epithalamium*, to the Noble Bridegrooms.

1. Let me see ; Whats here ? as I live

[*Takes it.*]

Nothing but down-right Bawdry : Sirrah, Rascal,

Is this an Age for Ribaldry in Verse ?

When every Gentleman in Town, speaks it

With so much better grace, than thou canst write it :

I'll bear thee with a staff of thy own own Rhimes.

Poet. Nay, Good Sir ?

[*Runs off, and Exit.*]

2. Peace, They are here.

Enter Don Rodorick, Don Manuel, Julia, and Company.

1. My Lord looks fullenly, and fain would hide it.

2. Howe'r he weds *Don Manuels* Sister, yet

I fear he's hardly reconcil'd to him.

Jul. I tremble at it still.

Rod. I must confess

Your danger great : But, Madam, since 'tis past

To speak of it were to renew your Fears.

My noble Brother, welcome to my Breast.

Some call my Sister ; say, *Don Manuel*

Her Bridegroom waits.

Man. Tell her, in both the Houses

There now remains no Enemy but she.

Rod. In the mean time lets Dance ; Madam, I hope

You'll grace me with your Hand : -----

Enter Leonora, woman to Angellina ; Takes the two

Men aside.

Leon. O Sir, my Lady *Angellina* !

Rod. Why comes she not ?

C

Leon. Is

Leon. Is fall'n extreamly Sick.

Both. How !

Leon. Nay, Trouble not your selves too much,
These Fits are usual with Her ; and not Dangerous.

Rod. O rarely Counterfeited.

[*Aside.*

Man. May not I see her ?

Leon. She does by me, deny her Self that honour.

[*As she Speaks steals a Note into his hand.*

I shall return, I hope, with better News ;
In the mean time she prays, you'll not disturb
The Company.

[*Exit Leonora.*

Rod. This troubles me exceedingly.

Man. A Note put privately into my hand
By *Angellina's* Woman ? She's my Creature :
There's something in't ; I'll read it to my Self. ----

[*Aside.*

Rod. Brother, what Paper's that ?

Man. Some begging Verses
Deliver'd me this Morning on my Wedding.

Rod. Pray let me see 'um :

Man. I have many Copies,
Please you to entertain your Self with these.

[*Gives him another Paper.*

Sir ,

[*Manuel reads.*

*My Lady feigns this Sickness to delude you :
Her Brother hates you still ; and the Plot is ,
That he shall Marry first your Sister,
And then deny you his. ----*

Tours Leonora. ----

Postscript.

*Since I writ this, I have so wrought upon her ,
(who of her Self, is Timorous enough)
That she believes her Brother will betray her ,
Or else be forc'd to give her up to You ;
Therefore, unknown to him, she means to Fly ;
Come to the Garden door at seven this Evening ,
And there you may Surprize her ; mean time I
Will keep her ignorant of all things, that
Her fear may still Increase.*

Enter

Enter Leonora again.

Rod. How now ? how does your Lady ?

Leon. So ill, she cannot possibly wait on you.

Man. Kind Heav'n give me her Sickness.

Rod. Those are wishes :

What's to be done ?

Man. We must deferr our Marriages.

Rod. *Leonora*, now !

Leon. My Lady, Sir, has absolutely charg'd
Her Brother's should go forward.

Rod. Absolutely !

Leon. Expressly, Sir, because she says there are
So many honourable Persons here,
Whom to Defraud of their intended Mirth,
And of each others Company, were rude :
So hoping your Excuse.

[*Aside to her.*

[*Exit Leonora.*

Rod. That privilege of Pow'r which Brothers have
In *Spain*, I never us'd : Therefore submit
My Will to hers, but with much sorrow, Sir ;
My happiness should go before, not wait
On yours : Lead on.

Man. Stay, Sir, though your fair Sister in respect
To this Assembly seems to be content
Your Marriage should proceed, we must not want
So much good Manners as to suffer it.

Rod. So much good manners, Brother ?

Man. ----- I have said it.

Should we to show our Sorrow for her Sickness,
Provoke our easie Souls to careless Mirth,
As if our drunken Revels were design'd
For joy of what she Suffers ?

Rod. 'Twill be over

In a few Days.

Man. Your stay will be the less.

Rod. All things are now in Readiness, and must not
Be put off, for a peevish Humour thus.

Man. They must; or I shall think you mean not fairly:

Rod. Explain your Self.

Man. That you would Marry first,
And afterwards refuse me *Angellina*.

Rod. ---- Think so.

Man. You are

Rod. Speak softly.

Man. A foul Villain.

Rod. Then -----

Man. Speak softly.

Rod. I'll find a time to tell you, you are one.

Man. 'Tis well.

Ladies, you wonder at our private Whispers, [*To the company.*

But more will wonder when you know the cause;

The Beauteous *Angellina* is fall'n Ill;

And since she cannot with her presence grace

This days Solemnity, the Noble *Rodrick*

Thinks fit it be Deferr'd, till she recover;

Then, we both hope to have your Companies.

Lad. Wishing her Health, we take our Leaves.

[*Exeunt company.*

Rod. Your Sister yet will Marry me.

Man. She will not: come hither *Julia*:

Jul. What strange afflicting News is this you tell us?

Man. 'Twas all this false *Man's* Plot, that when he had
Possess'd you, he might cheat me of his Sister?

Jul. Is this true, *Rodrick*? Alas his silence

Does but too much confess it: How I blush

To own that Love I cannot yet take from thee!

Yet for my Sake be Friends,

Man. 'Tis now too late:

I am by honour hinder'd.

Rod. I by hate.

Jul. What shall I do?

Man. Leave him, and come away;

Thy Virtue bids thee.

Jul. But Love bids me stay.

Man. Her

Man. Her Love's so like my Own, that I should blame
The Brothers passion in the Sisters flame.

Roderick, we shall meet ----- He little thinks

I am as sure this Night of *Angellina*,

As he of *Julia*. [*Aside.*

[*Exit Mammel.*

Rod. Madam, To what an Extrasse of Joy
Your Goodness raises me ! This was an act
Of Kindness which no Service e'r can pay.

Jul. Yes, *Roderick*, 'tis in your Pow'r to quit
The Debt you owe me.

Rod. Do but name the way.

Jul. Then briefly thus, 'tis to be just to me
As I have been to you.

Rod. You cannot doubt it.

Jul. You know I have adventur'd for your sake
A Brothers anger, and the Worlds opinion :
I Value neither ; for a settled Virtue
Makes it self Judge, and satisfy'd within,
Smiles at that common Enemy, the World.
I am no more afraid of flying Censures,
Than Heav'n of being Fir'd with mounting Sparkles.

Rod. But wherein must my Gratitude consist ?

Jul. Answer your Self, by thinking what is fit
For me to do.

Rod. By Marriage, to confirm
Our mutual Love.

Jul. Ingratefull *Roderick* !

Canst thou name Marriage, while thou entertain'st
A Hatred so unjust against my Brother ?

Rod. But, unkind *Julia*, you know the causes
Of Love and Hate are hid deep in our Stars,
And none but Heav'n can give account of both.

Jul. Too well, I know it ; for my Love to thee
Is Born by Inclination, not by Judgment ;
And makes my Virtue shrink within my heart,
As loath to leave it, and as loath to mingle.

Rod. What would you have me do ?

Jul. Since

Jul. Since I must tell thee,
Lead me to some near Monastery; there,
(Till Heav'n find out some way to make us Happy)
I shall be kept in safety from my Brother;

Rod. But more from me; What hopes can *Rodoric* have,
That she who leaves him freely, and unforc'd,
Should ever of her own accord return?

Jul. Thou hast too great assurance of my Faith,
That in despite of my own Self I love thee;
Be friends with *Manuel*, I am thine, till when
My Honour's; ----- Lead me.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene the Third.

Enter Don Manuel, Solus.

*The Scene is the Representation of a Street discover'd
by Twilight.*

Man. **T**His is the time and place where I expect
My fugitive Mistress; if I meet with her
I may forget the wrongs her Brother did me:
If otherwise, his Blood shall expiate them.
I hope her Woman keeps her Ignorant
How all things pass'd, according to her promise.

*A door opens ----- Enter Angellina in Boys Cloaths,
Leonora behind at the Door.*

Leon. I had forgot to tell him of this Habit
She has put on; but sure hee'l know her in it.

[*Aside.*]

Man. Who goes there?

Ang. 'Tis *Don Manuel's* Voice; I must run back:
The Door shut on me? *Leonora*, Where?
Does she not follow me? ----- I am betray'd.

Man. What are you?

Ang. A poor Boy.

Man. Do

Man. Do you belong to *Rodorick* ?

Ang. Yes, I do.

Man. Here's Money for you, tell me where's his Sister :

Ang. Just now I met her coming down the stairs,
Which lead into the Garden.

Man. 'Tis well, leave me
In silence.

Ang. With all my heart ; Was ever such a scape !
[*Exit running.*]

Man. She cannot now be long ; sure by the Moon-shine
I shall discover her :

Enter Rodorick, and Julia.

This must be she ; Ile seize her.

Jul. Help me, *Rodorick* ;

Rod. Unhand the Lady, Villain.

Man. *Rodorick* !

I'm glad we meet alone ; now is the time
To end our Difference.

Rod. I cannot stay.

Man. You must.

Rod. I will not :

Man. 'Tis base to injure any Man ; but yet
'Tis far more base, once done not to defend it.

Rod. Is this an hour for Valiant Men to Fight ?

They love the Sun should witness what they do ;

Cowards have Courage when they see not Death :

And fearfull Hares, that sculk in forms all Day,

Yet Fight their feeble Quarrels by the Moon-light.

Man. No, Light and Darkness are but poor distinctions
Of such, whose Courage comes by fits and starts.

Rod. Thou urgest me above my patience :

This minute of my Life, was not my own,

But hers I love beyond it :

They draw, and Fight.

Jul. Help, help ; none hear me !

Heav'n

Heav'n I think is Deaf too :

O *Rodorick!* O Brother ! -----

Enter Gonfalvo, and Hippolito.

Jul. Who ere you are, if you have honour part 'um. ----

[*Manuel stumbles, and falls.*

Gonf. Hold, Sir, you are too Cruel ; he that Kills

At such advantage fears to Fight again.

[*Holds Roderick.*

Man. Cavalier, I may Live to thank you for this favour.

[*Rises.*

Rod. I will not quit you so.

Man. Ile breath, and then -----

Jul. Is there no way to save their Lives ?

Hip. Run out of fight ,

If 'tis concerning you they Quarrel.

[*Julia retires to a Corner.*

Hip. Help, help, as you are Cavaliers ; the Lady

For whom you thus contend, is seiz'd by some

Night-robbing Villains.

All. Which way took they ?

Hip. 'Twas so dark I could not see distinctly :

Rod. Let us divide ; I this way.

[*Exit.*

Gonf. Down yonder street Ile take.

Man. And I down that.

[*Exeunt severally.*

Hip. Now, Madam, may we not lay by our fear ?

They are all gone.

Jul. 'Tis true, but we are here ,

Expos'd to Darkness without guide or aid ,

But of our selves.

Hip. And of our selves affraid.

Jul. These dangers while 'twas Light I could despise ,

Then I was Bold ; but watch'd by many Eyes :

Ah ! could not Heav'n for Lovers find a way ,

That prying People still might sleep by Day.

Enter

*Enter Angellina.**Hip.* Me-thinks I'm certain I discover some;*Jul.* This was your speaking of 'um made 'um come.*Hip.* There is but one, perhaps he may go by.*Ang.* Where had I courage for this bold disguise,
Which more my Nature than my Sex belies?

Alas! I am betraid to darknes here;

Darknes which Virtue hates, and Maids most fear:

Silence and Solitude dwell every where:

Dogs cease to bark; the Waves more faintly roar,

And rowl themselves asleep upon the Shore:

No noise but what my Foot-steps make, and they

Sound dreadfully, and Louder than by Day:

They double too, and every step I take

Sounds thick me-thinks, and more than one could make.

Ha! Who are these?

I wish'd for Company, and now I fear.

Who are you gentle People that go there?

Jul. His Voice is soft as is the upper Air,

Or dying Lovers words: O pity us.

Ang. O pity me! Take freely as your own

My Gold, my Jewels; spare my Life alone.

Hip. Alas he fears as much as we.*Jul.* What say you

Sir, Will you joyn with us.

Amid. Yes Madam, but

If you would take my Sword, you'luse it better.

Hip. I, But you are a Man.*Amid.* Why, so are you:*Hip.* Truly my fear had made me quite forget it.*Enter Gonfalso.**Gonf.* *Hippolito!* How barbarous was I
To leave my Boy! *Hippolito!**Hip.* Here, here.

D

Now

Now Madam fear not, you are safe :

Jul. What is become Sir, of those Gentlemen ?

Gonf. Madam, They all went several ways ; not like
To meet.

Jul. What will become of me !

Gonf. 'Tis late ,

And I a stranger in the Town : yet all
Your dangers shall be mine.

Jul. You'r noble, Sir.

Gonf. I'll pawn the hopes of all my Love, to see
You safe.

Jul. Who ere your Mistress be, she has
My curses if she prove not Kind.

Ang. And mine.

Hip. My Sister will repent her when she knows
For whom she makes that Wish ; but I'll say nothing
Till Day discovers it : A Door opens , [*Aside.*
I hope it is some Inn.

[*A Door opens, at which a Servant appears.*

Ang. Friend, can you Lodge us here ?

Serv. Yes Friend, we can :

Jul. How shall we be dispos'd ?

Serv. As Nature would ;

The Gentleman and you : I have a rule,
That when a Man and Woman ask for Lodging
They are ever Husband and Wife.

Jul. Rude and Unmanner'd :

Gonf. Sir, this Lady must be Lodged apart :

Serv. Then the two Boys that are good for nothing
But one another, they sh^o go together.

Ang. Lye with a Man ? sweet Heav'n defend me !

Hip. Alas, friend, I ever lye alone.

Serv. Then to save trouble, Sir, because 'tis late
One of the Youths shall be dispos'd with you.

Ang. Who I ! not for the World.

Hip. Neither of us ; for though I would not Lodge with you
My self ; I never can indure he should.

Ang. Why then, to end the difference, if you please

I and that Lady will be Bed-fellows ;

Hip. No, She and I will Lodge together rather.

Serv. You are sweet Youths indeed ; not for the World
You would not Lodge with Men ! none but the Lady
Would serve your turn.

Ang. Alas I had forgot I am a Boy ;
I am so lately one.

[*Aside.*

Serv. Well, well ; all shall be Lodg'd apart.

Gonf. to Hip. I did not think you Harbour'd wanton thoughts :
So young, so Bad !

Hip. I can make no defence
But must be sham'd by my own Innocence.

Exeunt omnes.

Act the Second.

*Enter Gonfalvo, Hippolito, Amideo at
a distance.*

The Scene is a Chamber.

Gonf. [*Hippolito*, what is this pretty Youth
That follows us ?

Hip. I know not much of him :
Handsome you see, and of a gracefull Fashion ;
Of noble Blood, he says, and I believe him ; ~
But in some deep Distress ; he'll tell no more ,
And I could cry for that which he has told,
So much I pity him.

Gonf. My pretty Youth ;
Would I could do thee any Service.

Ang. Sir ,
The greatest you can do me, is accepting mine.
Hip. How's this ? me-thinks already I begin
To hate this Boy, whom but ev'n now I moan'd.

You serve my Master ? Do you think I cannot
Perform all Duties of a Servant better
And with more care than you ?

Ang. Better you may,
But never with more care :
Heav'n which is serv'd with Angels, yet admits
Poor man to pay his Duty, and receives it.

Hip. Mark but, my Lord, how ill behav'd a Youth,
How very ugly, what a Dwarf he is.

Ang. My Lord, I yet am Young enough to grow,
And 'tis the commendation of a Boy
That he is little.

[*Cries.*

Gonf. Prithee do not cry ;
Hippolito, 'twas but just now you prais'd him,
And are you chang'd so soon ?

Hip. On better View.

Gonf. What is your Name, sweet heart.

Hip. Sweet heart ! since I
Have serv'd you, you ne'r call'd me so.

Ang. O, ever,
Ever call me by that kind name, I'll own
No other, because I would still have that.

Hip. He told me, Sir, his name was *Amideo*,
Pray call him by't.

Gonf. Come, I'll employ you both ;
Reach me my Belt, and help to put it on.

Amid. I run my Lord.

Hip. You run ? it is my Office.

{ *They both take it up, and strive for it ; Hippolito
gets it, and puts it on.*

Amid. Look you, my Lord, he puts it on so awkwardly ; [*Crying.*
The Sword does not sit right.

Hip. Why, where's the fault ?

Amid. I know not that ; but I am sure 'tis wrong.

Gonf. The fault is plain, 'tis put on the wrong Shoulder.

Hip. That cannot be, I look'd on *Amideo's*,
And hung it on that Shoulder his is on.

Amid. Then I doubt mine is so.

Gonf. It

Gonf. It is indeed :

You'r both good Boys, and both will learn in time :

Hippolito, go you and bring me word,

Whether that Lady we brought in last Night

Be willing to receive a Visit from me.

Hip. Now *Amideo*, since you are so forward—

To do all Service, you shall to the Lady.

Amid. No, I'll stay with my Master, he bid you.

Hip. It Mads me to the heart to leave him here :

But I will be reveng'd.

[*Aside.*

My Lord, I beg

You would not trust this Boy with any thing

Till my return ; pray know him better first.

[*Exit Hippolito.*

Gonf. 'Twas my unhappiness to meet this Lady

Last night ; because it ruin'd my design

Of walking by the House of *Radorick* :

Who knows but through some Window I had spy'd

Fair *Julia*'s shaddow passing by the Glafs ;

Or if some others, I would think it hers ;

Or if not any, yet to see the place

Where *Julia* Lives : O Heav'n, how small a blessing

Will serve to make despairing Lovers happy !

Amid. Unhappy *Angellina*, thou art lost :

Thy Lord loves *Julia*.

[*Aside.*

Enter Hippolito, and Julia.

Jul. ----- Where is thy Master ?

I long to give him my acknowledgments

For my own safety, and my Brothers both.

Ha ! Is it he ?

[*Looks.*

Gonf. Can it be *Julia* ?

Could Night so far disguise her from my Knowledge !

Jul. I would not think thee him I see thou art :

Prithee disown thy Self in pity to me :

Why should I be oblig'd by one I hate ?

Gonf. I could say something in my own defence ;

But it were half a Crime to plead my cause.

When

When you would have me Guilty.

Amid. How I fear

The sweetness of those words will move her pity :

I'm sure they would do mine.

Gonf. You took me for a Robber, but so farr
I am from that. -----

Jul. O prithee be one still,
That I may know some cause for my Aversion.

Gonf. I freed you from them, and more gladly did it ; -----

Jul. Be what thou wilt, 'tis now too late to tell me :

The Blackness of that Image I first fancy'd,

Has so Infected me, I still must hate thee.

Hip. Though (if she Loves him) all my hopes are ruin'd,
It makes me Mad to see her thus unkind. [*Aside.*

Madam, what see you in this Gentleman,
Deserves your scorn, or hatred ; Love him, or
Expect just Heav'n should strangely punish you.

Gonf. No more : what ere she does is best ; and if
You would be mine, you must like me submit
Without dispute.

Hip. How can I love you, Sir, and suffer this ?
She has forgot that which last Night you did
In her defence.

Jul. O call that Night again ;
Pitch her with all her Darknes round ; then set me
In some farr Defart, hemm'd with Mountain Wolves
To howl about me : This I would indure,
And more, to Cancel my Obligements to him.

Gonf. You owe me nothing, Madam, if you do
I make it Void ; and only ask your leave
To love you still ; for to be Lov'd again
I never hope.

Jul. If that will clear my Debt, enjoy thy wish ;
Love me, and long, and Desperately love me.
I hope thou wilt, that I may Plague thee more :
Mean time take from me that Detested object ;
Conveigh thy much loath'd Person from my Sight.

Gonf. Madam, you are Obey'd.

Hipolito,

Hippolito, and *Amideo*, wait
Upon fair *Julia* ; Look upon her for me
With dying Eyes, but do not Speak one word
In my behalf ; for to disquiet her,
Ev'n happiness it self were bought too dear.

[*Goes farther off, towards the end of the Stage.*

My passion swells too high :
And like a Vessel struggling in a Storm,
Requires more hands than one to Steer her upright ;
I'll find her Brother out. [*Exit Gonfalso.*

Jul. That Boy, I see he trusts above the other :
He has a strange resemblance with a Face
That I have seen, but when, or where, I know not.
I'll watch till they are parted ; then perhaps
I may corrupt that little one to free me. [*Aside.* [*Exit Julia.*

Amid. Sweet *Hippolito*, let me speak with you ;

Hip. What would you with me ?

Amid. Nay, you are so fierce ;

By all that's good I love and honour you.
And would you do but one poor thing I'll ask you,
In all things else you ever shall command me.
Look you, *Hippolito*, here's Gold, and Jewels,
These may be yours.

Hip. To what end dost thou show
These trifles to me ? or how cam'st thou by them ?
Not honestly, I fear.

Amid. I swear I did :

And you shall have 'um ; but you always prefs
Before me in my Masters service so : ———

Hip. And always will.

Amid. But dear *Hippolito*,

Why will you not give way, that I may be
First in his favour, and be still employ'd ?
Why do you Frown ? 'tis not for gain I ask it ;
What ever he shall give me shall be yours,
Except it be some Toy, you would not care for ;
Which I should keep for his dear sake that gave it.

Hip. If thou wouldst offer both the *Indies* to me,

The *Eastern* Quarries, and the *western* Mines ;
 They should not Buy one look, one gentle smile
 Of his from me : assure thy Soul they should not ,
 I hate thee so.

Amid. Henceforth I'll hate you worse.
 But yet there is a Woman whom he Loves ,
 A certain *Julia*, who will steal his heart :
 From both of us ; wee'l joyn at least against
 The common Enemy :

Hip. Why does he fear my Lord should love a Woman ?
 The passion of this Boy is so like mine
 That it amazes me.

Enter a Servant.

Piet. Young Gentleman ,
 Your Master calls for you.

Hip. I'll think upon't. -----

[*Exit Hippolito, cum Pietro.*

Enter Julia to Anideo.

Jul. Now is the time, he is alone.

Amid. Here comes
 The Saint my Lord adores ; Love, pardon me
 The fault I must commit.

Jul. Fair Youth, I am
 A Suitor to you.

Amid. So am I to you.

Jul. You see me here a Pris'ner.

Amid. My request
 Is, I may set you free ; make haste sweet Madam :
 Which way would you go ?

Jul. To the next
 Religious House.

Amid. Here through the Garden, Madam ;
 How I commend your holy Resolution !

Exeunt ambo.

Enter

Enter Don Manuel in the Streets, and a Servant with him.

Man. Angellina fled to a Monastery say you?

Serv. So 'tis giv'n out: I could not see her Woman:

But for your Sister, what you heard is true:

I saw her at the Inn:

They told me she was brought in late last Night,

By a young Cavalier they show'd me there.

Man. This must be he that Rescu'd me:

What would I give to see him.

Serv. Fortune is

Obedient to your wishes; He was coming

To find out you; I waited on him to

The turning of the Street; and stept before

To tell you of it.

Man. You o'r-joy me.

Serv. This, Sir, is he. -----

Enter Gonfalso.

Don Manuel is running to Embrace him, and stops.

Man. ----- The Captain of the Robbers!

Gonf. As such indeed you promis'd me your Sister.

Man. I promis'd all the int'rest I should have,

Because I thought before you came to claim it,

A Husbands right would take my Title from me.

Gonf. I come to see if any Manly virtue

Can dwell with falshood: Draw, thou'lt injur'd me.

Man. You say already I have done you wrong,

And yet would have me right you by a greater.

Gonf. Poor abject thing!

Man. Who doubts another's Courage

Wants it himself; but I who know my own,

Will not receive a Law from you to Fight,

Or to forbear: for then I grant your Courage

A

E

To

To master mine, when I am forc'd to do
What of my self I would not.

Gonf. Your reason ?

Man. You sav'd my Life.

Gonf. I'll quit that Debt to be
In a capacity of forcing you

To keep your promise with me ; for I come
To learn, your Sister is not yet dispos'd.

Man. I've lost all privilege to defend my Life ;
And if you take it now, 'tis no new Conquest ;
Like Fish, first taken in a River, then
Bestow'd in Ponds to catch a second time.

Gonf. Mark but how partially you plead your cause ,
Pretending breach of honour if you Fight ;
Yet think it none to Violate your word.

Man. I cannot give my Sister to a Robber.

Gonf. You shall not ; I am none, but Born of Blood.
As noble as your Self ; my Fortunes, equal
At least with Yours ; my Reputation, yet
I think unstain'd.

Man. I wish, Sir, it may prove so ;
I never had so strong an Inclination
To believe any Man as you : ---- but yet. ----

Gonf. All things shall be so clear, there shall be left
No room for any scruple : I was Born
In *Sevil*, of the best House in that City ;
My name *Gonsalvo de Peralta* : being
A younger Brother, 'twas my Uncles care
To take me with him in a Voyage to
The *Indies*, where since Dying, he has left me
A Fortune not Contemptible ; returning
From thence with all my Wealth in the *Place-fleet*,
A furious Storm almost within the Port
Of *Sevil*, took us, scatter'd all the Navy :
My Ship, by the unruly Tempest born
Quite through the Streights, as far as *Barcelona* ;
There first cast Anchor ; there I slept Ashore :
Three Days I staid, in which small time I made

A little Love, which Vanish'd as it came.

Man. But were you not Ingag'd to her your Courted ?

Gonf. Upon my Honour, no; what might have been
I cannot tell : But ere I could repair
My beaten Ship, or take fresh Water in,
One night, when there by chance I lay Aboard,
A Wind tore up my Anchor from the bottom,
And with that Violence it brought me thither;
Has thrown me in this Port : ----

Man. But yet our meeting in the Wood was strange.

Gonf. For that I'll satisfy you as we walk.

Enter Hippolito.

Hip. O Sir, how glad I am to find you ---- [*whispers.*

Man. That Boy I have seen some where, or one like him,
But where, I cannot call to mind : ----

Hip. I found it out, and got before 'um. ----
And here they are. ----

Enter Amideo, and Julia.

Man. My Sister ! as I could have wish'd it : ---

Amid. O ! we are caught ?

Ful. I did expect as much :

Fortune has not forgot that I am *Julia* :

Man. Sister, I'm glad you'r happily return'd;
'Twas kindly done of you thus to prevent
The trouble of my search.

Ful. I would not have you
Mistake my Love to *Rodrick* so much,
To think I meant to fall into your hands.
My purpose is for the next Nunnery;
There I'll pray for you : So farewell.

Man. Stay, *Julia* you must go with me.

Ful. Lead, lead;
You think I am your Pris'ner now : ----

Gonf. If you will needs to a Religious house,

Leave that fair Face behind ; a worse will serve
To spoil with Watching, and with Fasting there.

Man. 'Prithee no more of this ; the only way
To make her happy is to force it on her.

Julia, prepare your self strait to be Married :

Jul. To whom ?

Man. You see your Bridegroom : and you know
My Fathers will, who with his Dying breath
Commanded, you should pay as strict Obedience
To me, as formerly to him : if not ;
Your Dowry is at my dispose.

Jul. O would

The loss of that dispense with Duty in me ,
How gladly would I suffer it ! and yet
If I durst question it, me-thinks 'tis hard !
What right have Parents over Children, more
Than Birds have o'r their Young ; yet they impose
No rich Plum'd Mistribs on their Feather'd Sons ;
But leave their Love, more open yet and free
Than all the Fields of Air, their spacious Birth-right.

[*Gonsalvo seems to beg Manuel not to be harsh.*

Man. Nay, good *Gonsalvo* trouble not your self ,
There is no other way, when 'tis once done
She'l thank me for't.

Jul. I ne'r expected other usage from you ;
A kind Brother you have been to me ,
And to my Sister : you have sent they say
To *Barcelona*, that my Aunt should force her
To marry the old *Don* you brought her ;

Hip. Who could ! that once had seen *Gonsalvo's* Face ?
Alas she little thinks I am so near ! ----

[*Aside.*

Man. Mind not what she says ; ---

A word with you ---

[*To Gonsalvo.*

Amid. *Don Manuel* eyes me strangely ; the best is
He never saw me yet but at a distance :
My Brothers Jealousie (who ne'r intended
I should be his) restrain'd our neer Converse.

(*Aside.*

Jul. My pretty Youth, I am inforc'd to trust thee

[*To Amid.*

* With

With my most neer concerns ; Friend I have none ,
If thou deny'st to help me.

Amid. Any thing

To break your Marriage with my Master.

Jul. Go to *Rodoric*, and tell him my condition :
But tell it him as from thy self, not me.

Amid. That you are forc'd to Marry.

Jul. But do not ask him

To succour me ; if of himself he will not :
I scorn a Love that must be taught its Duty.

Man. What Youth is that ? I mean the little one ?

Gonf. I took him up last Night.

Man. A sweet fac'd Boy ,

I like him strangely : would you part with him ?

Amid. Alas, Sir, I am good for no Body
But for my Master.

Hip. Sir, I'll do your Errand
Another time for letting *Julia* go.

[To Amideo.]

Man. Come, Sir ;

Gonf. I beg your pardon for a moment ,
I'll but dispatch some business in my Ship ;
And wait you presently.

Man. Wee'll go before.

I'll make sure *Rodoric* shall never have her ;
And 'tis at least some Pleasure to destroy
His happiness, who ruin'd first my Joy.

*Exeunt all but Gonfalso ; who before he
goes, whispers Hippolito.*

Gonf. Against her will fair *Julia* to possess ,

Is not t' enjoy but Ravish happiness :

Yet Women pardon force ; because they find

The Violence of Love is still most kind :

Just like the Plots of well built Comedies ,

Which then please most, when most they do surprize :

But yet constraint Love's noblest end destroys ,

Whose highest Joy is in another's Joys :

Where Passion rules, how weak does Reason prove

I yield my Cause, but cannot yield my Love.

[Exit.]

AG

Act the Third.

*The Scene a great Room in Don Manuels
House.*

Hippolito Solus.

MY Master bid me speak for him to *Julia* :
Hard fate that I am made a confident
Against my Self ; -----

Yet though unwillingly I took the Office,
I would perform it well : But how can I
Prove lucky to his Love, who to my own
Am so unfortunate ! He trusts his passion
Like him that Ventures all his Stock at once
On an unlucky hand :

Enter Amideo.

Amid. Where is the Lady *Julia* ?

Hip. What new Treason
Against my Masters Love have you contriv'd
With her ?

Amid. I shall not render you account.

Enter Julia.

Jul. I sent for him ; yet if he comes there's danger ;
Yet if he does not, I for ever lose him.
What can I wish ? and yet I wish him here !
Only to take the care of me from me.
Weary with sitting out a Losing hand ,
'Twill be some ease to see another Play it.
Yesterday I refus'd to Marry him,
To day I run into his Arms unask'd ;

Like

Like a mild Prince inchoach'd upon by Rebels;
 Love yielded much, till Honour ask'd for all. [Sees Hippolito.
 How now, where's Rodorick? (sees Amideo) -- I mean Gonfalvo?

Hip. You would do well to meet him: ----

Amid. Meet him! you shall not do't: I'll throw my self
 Like a young fawning Spaniel in your way
 So often, you shall never move a step
 But you shall tread on me.

Jul. You need not beg me:

I would as soon meet a Screne, as see him.

Hip. His sweetness for those Frowns no subject finds:
 Seas are the Field of Combat for the Winds:
 But when they sweep along some flowry Coast,
 Their wings move Mildly, and their Rage is lost.

Jul. 'Tis that which makes me more unfortunate:

Because his sweetness must upbraid my hate.

The wounds of Fortune touch me not so near;

I can my Fate, but not his Virtue bear.

For my disdain with my esteem is rais'd;

He most is hated when he most is prais'd:

Such an esteem, as like a Storm appears,

Which rises but to Ship-wrack what it bears.

Hip. Infection dwells upon my Kindness sure,

Since it destroys ev'n those whom it would cure.

[Cries, and Exit Hippolito.]

Amid. Still weep Hippolito; to me thy Tears
 Are soveraign, as those drops the Balm-tree sweats. ----

---- But, Madam, are you sure you shall not love him!

I still fear. ----

Jul. Thy fear will never let thee be a Man.

Amid. Indeed I think it won't.

Jul. We are now

Alone; What news from Rodorick?

Amid. Madam, he begs you not to fear; He has
 A way, which when you think all desperate
 Will set you free.

Jul. If not, I will not Live
 A moment after it.

Amid. Why!

Amid. Why! there's some comfort.

Jul. I strongly wish, for what I faintly hope:
Like the Day-dreams of melancholy Men,
I think and think on things impossible,
Yet love to wander in that Golden maze.

Enter Don Mantuel, Hippolito, and Company.

Amid. Madam, your Brother's here.

Man. Where is the Bridegroom?

Hip. Not yet return'd, Sir, from his Ship.

Man. Sister, all this good Company is met
To give you Joy.

Jul. While I am compass'd round
With mirth, my Soul lies hid in shades of Grief,
Whence, like the Bird of Night, with half shut Eyes
She peeps, and sickens at the sight of Day.

[*Aside.*

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, some Gentlemen and Ladies are without,
Who to do honour to this Wedding come
To present a Masque.

Man. 'Tis well; desire 'um
They would leave out the words, and fall to Dancing;
The Poetry of the Foot takes most of late:

Serv. The Poet, Sir, will take that very ill,
He's at the Door, with th' Argument o'th' Masque
In Verse.

Man. Which of the Wits is it that made it?

Serv. None of the Wits, Sir; 'tis one of the Poets.

Man. What subject has he chose.

Serv. The Rape of *Proserpine*.

Enter Gonsalvo.

Man. Welcome, welcome, you have been long expected.

Gons. I staid to see th' Unlading of some Rarities

Which

Which are within : ----

Madam, your pardon that I was so long absent.

Jul. You need not ask it for your absence, Sir.

Gonf. Still cruel, *Julia* : ----

Jul. The danger's here, and *Rodorick* not here :
I am not griev'd to Dye ; but I am griev'd
To think him false.

[*Aside.*

Man. Bid 'um begin.

The Musique Plays.

A *Cupid* descends in swift Motion, and Speaks these
Verses.

Cup. Thy Conquests, *Proserpine*, have stretch'd too far ;
Amidst Heav'n's peace thy Beauty makes a War :
For when, last Night, I to Joves Pallace went ,
(The brightest part of all the Firmament)
Instead of all those Gods, whose thick resort
Fill'd up the presence of the Thunderer's Court ;
There Jove and Juno all forsaken sate ,
Pensive, like Kings in their declining State :
Yet (wanting Pow'r) they would preserve the show ,
By hearing Pray'rs from some few Men below :
Mortals to Jove may their Devotions pay ;
The Gods themselves to *Proserpine* do Pray .
To Sicily the Rival pow'rs resort ;
'Tis Heav'n where ever *Ceres* keeps her Court .
Phoebus and *Mercury* are both at strife ,
The Courtliest of our Gods who want a Wife :
But *Venus*, what ere Kindness she pretends ,
Yet, (like all Females, envious of their Friends ,)
Has, by my Aid, contriv'd a black design ,
The God of Hell should Ravish *Proserpine* :
Beauties, beware ; *Venus* will never bear
Another *Venus* shining in her Sphere .

After *Cupid's* Speech, *Venus* and *Ceres* descend in the slow Machines;
Ceres drawn by Dragons, *Venus* by Swans.

After them *Phæbus* and *Mercury* descend in swift Motion.
 Then *Cupid* turns to *Julia*, and Speaks;

Cup. The Rival Deities are come to woo
A Proserpine, who must be found below:
 Would you (fair Nymph) become this happy hour,
 In name a Goddess as you are in pow'r,
 Then to this change the King of Shades will owe
A fairer Proserpine than Heav'n can show.

Julia, first whisper'd by *Amideo*, goes into the Dance, perform'd
 by *Cupid*, *Phœbus*, *Mercury*, *Ceres*, *Venus*, *Julia*.

Towards the end of the Dance, *Roderick* in the Habit of *Pluto*,
 rises from below in a black Chariot all Flaming, and drawn by black
 Horses; he Ravishes *Julia*, who personated *Proserpine*, and as he
 is Carrying her away, his Vizard falls off: *Hippolito* first discovers
 him.

Hip. A Rape, A Rape; 'tis *Roderick*, 'tis *Roderick*.

Rod. Then I must have recourse to this: ———

[Dram.

Jul. Oh Heav'n's.

{ Don Manuel and Gonsalvo draw, and a Servant; the two
 that Assist *Phœbus* and *Mercury* return to assist *Roderick*,
 and are beat back by Manuel and a Servant, while *Gon-*
salvo attacks *Roderick*.

Gons. Unloose thy hold, foul Villain;

Rod. No, I'll grasp her

Ev'n after Death.

Jul. Spare him, or I'll Dye with him:

Gons. Must Ravishers and Villains Live, while I

In Vain implore her Mercy? ———

[Thrusts at him, and hurts *Julia* in the Arm.

Jul. Oh, I am Murder'd!

Gons. Wretched that I am

What

What have I done ? To what strange Punishment
Will you condemn this guilty Hand ? and yet
My Eyes were guilty first : for they could look
On nothing else but you ; and my Unlucky hand
Too closely follow'd them ! -----

Enter Manuel again.

Man. The Pow'rs above are just that thou still Liv'st
For me to Kill.

Rod. You'll find no easie task on't
Alone ; come both together, I defie you :
Curse on this Disguise, that has betray'd me
Thus cheaply to my Death. -----

Man. Under a Devils shape thou could'st not be
Disguis'd. -----

Jul. Then must he Dye ?
Yet I'll not bid my *Roderick* farewell ;
For they take leave, who mean to be long absent.

Gonf. Hold Sir ; I have had Blood enough already,
And must not murder *Julia* again
In him she loves : Live, Sir, and thank this Lady.

Rod. Take my Life, and spare my Thanks.

Man. Though you
Forgive him, let me take my just Revenge.

Gonf. Leave that Distinction to our dull Divines ;
That ill I suffer to be done, I do.

Hip. My heart bleeds Tears for him ; to see his Virtue
O'come so fatally against such Odds
Of Fortune and of Love ! -----

Man. Permit his Death, and *Julia* will be yours :

Jul. Permit it not, and *Julia* will thank you.

Gonf. Who ere could think that one kind word from *Julia*
Should be preferr'd to *Julia* her self !
Could any Man think it a greater good
To save a Rival, than possess a Mistress :
Yet this I do ; these are thy riddles Love.
What Fortune gives me I my self Destroy ;

And feed my Virtue, but to starve my Joy.
 Honour sits on me like some heavy Armour,
 And with its stiff Defence incumbers me:
 And yet when I would put it off, it sticks
 Like *Hercules* his Shirt; heats me at once,
 And Poysons me! -----

Man. I find my self grow Calm by thy example;
 My panting Heart heaves less and less each Pulse;
 And all the boyling Spirits scatter from it.
 Since thou desir'st he should not Dye, he shall not
 Till I on Nobler terms can take his Life.

Rod. The next turn may be Yours: Remember *Julia*,
 I ow'd this Danger to your Wilfulness;
 Once you might easily have been mine, and would not.

[*Exit Rodorick.*

Man. Lead out my Sister, Friend, her hurt's so small
 'Twill scarce disturb the Ceremony:
 Ladies once more your pardons.

[*Leads out the Company, Exeunt.*

} *Mauent Julia, Gonsalvo, Amideo: Gonsalvo
 offers his hand, Julia pulls back hers.*

Jul. This hand would rise in Blisters should't thou touch it:
 My *Rodorick's* displeas'd with me, and thou
 Unlucky Man the cause; dare not so much
 As once to follow me. -----

[*Exit Julia.*

Gonsf. Not follow her! Alas she need not bid me!
 O how could I presume to take that hand
 To which mine prov'd so Fatal!
 Nay, if I might, Should I not fear to touch it?
 A Murd'ers touch would make it bleed afresh.

Amid. I think, Sir, I could Kill her for your sake.

Gonsf. Repent that word, or I shall hate thee strangely:
 Harsh words from her, like blows from angry Kings,
 Though they are meant Affronts, are construed Favours.

Hip. Her Inclinations and Aversions
 Are both alike unjust; and both, I hope,
 Too violent to last, cheer up your Self;
 For if I Live (I hope I shall not long).

[*Aside.*
 She

She shall be yours.

Amid. 'Twere much more Noble in him
To make a Conquest of himself than her.
She ne'r can merit him, and had'st not thou
A mean low Soul, thou would'st not name her to him.

Hip. Poor child, who would'st be Wife above thy Years,
Why dost thou talk, like a Philosopher,
Of conquering Love, who art not yet Grown up
To try the force of any Manly passion?
The sweetnesss of thy Mothers milk is yet:
Within thy Veins, not sown'd and turn'd by Love.

Gonf. Thou hast not Field enough in thy Young breast,
To entertain such Storms to struggle in.

Amid. Young as I am, I know the pow'r of Love;
Its less Disquiets, and its greater Cares,
And all that's in it, but the Happiness.
Trust a Boys word, Sir, if you please, and take
My Innocence for Wisdom; Leave this Lady;
Cease to persuade you Self you are in Love,
And you will soon be freed: Not that I wish
A thing so noble as your Passion, lost
To all the Sex: bestow it on some other;
You'll find many as Fair, though none so Cruel.
Would I could be a Lady for your sake.

Hip. If I could be a Woman with a wish,
You should not be without a Rival long.

Amid. A Cedar of your Stature would not cause
Much Jealousie.

Hip. More than a Shrub of yours.

Gonf. How eagerly these Boys fall out for nothing!
Tell me *Hippolita*, wert thou a Woman,
Who would'st thou be?

Hip. I would be *Julia*, Sir,
Because you Love her.

Amid. I would not be She,
Because she Loves not you.

Hip. True, *Amideo*:
And therefore I would wish my self a Lady,

Who

Who I am sure does Infinitely love him.

Amid. I hope that Lady has a Name; —

Hip. She has;

And she is call'd *Honor*, Sister to

This *Julia*, and bred up at *Barcellona*,

Who loves him with a Flame so pure and noble,

That did she know his Love to *Julia*,

She would beg *Julia* to make him happy.

Gonf. This startles me!

Amid. Oh Sir, believe him not;

They Love not truly, who on any terms

Can part with what they Love.

Gonf. I saw a Lady

At *Barcellona*, of what Name I know not,

Who next to *Julia* was the fairest Creature

My Eyes did ere behold: but how can't thou

To know her?

Hip. Sir, some other time I'll tell you.

Amid. It could not be *Honor* whom you saw.

For, Sir, she has a Face so very Ugly;

That if she were a Saint for Holiness,

Yet no Man would seek Virtue there.

Hip. This is the lying'st Boy, Sir; I am sure

He never saw *Honor*; for her Face

'Tis not so bad to fright any Man;

None of the Wits have Libell'd it.

Amid. *Don Rodricks* Sister, *Angellina*, does

So far exceed her in the Ornaments

Of Wit and Beauty, though now hid from sight,

That like the Sun (ev'n while Eclips'd) she calls

A Yellowness upon all other Faces.

Hip. I'll not say much of her; but only this,

Don Manuel saw not with my Eyes, if e'er

He Lov'd that *Flanders* shape, that Lump of Earth

And Flegm together.

Amid. You have often seen her

It seems by your Description of her Person:

But I'll maintain on any *Spanish* ground,

What

What ere she be, yet she is far more worthy
To have my Lord her Servant, than *Honoria*.

Hip. And I'll maintain *Honoria's* right against her
In any part of all the World.

Gonf. You go
Too far, to Quarrel on so slight a Ground.

Hip. O pardon me, my Lord, it is not slight:
I must confess I am so much concern'd
I shall not bear it long.

Amid. Nor I, assure you.

Gonf. I will believe what both of you have said,
That *Honoria*, and *Angellina*
Both equally are Fair.

Amid. Why did you name
Honoria first?

Gonf. And since you take their parts so eagerly,
Henceforth I'll call you by those Ladies names:

You, my *Hippolito*, shall be *Honoria*;
And you, my *Amides*, *Angellina*.

Amid. Then all my Services, I wish, may make
You kind to *Angellina*, for my sake.

Hip. Put all my Merits on *Honoria's* score,
And think no Maid could ever Love you more.

Exeunt.

Act the Fourth.

Scene First.

Manuel, Solus.

THUS I provide for others Happiness,
And lose my Own: 'Tis true, I cannot blame
Thy hatred *Angellina*, but thy silence.
Thy Brother's hatred made thine just; but yet
'Twas cruel in thee not to tell me so.

Conquest

Conquest is noble when an Heart stands out ;
 But mine which yielded, how could'st thou betray ?
That heart of which thou could'st not be depriv'd ,
By any force or pow'r beside thy own ;
Like Empires to that Fatal height arriv'd ,
They must be Ruin'd by themselves alone.
My guarded Freedom cannot be a prize
To any scornfull Face a second time ;
For thy Idea like a Ghost would rise ,
And fright my Thoughts from such another Crime.

Enter a Servant with a Letter.

Man. From whom ?

2 Ser. Sir, the Contents will soon resolve you.

[*He reads.*

Man. Tell *Rodoric* he has prevented me
 In my Design of sending to him first.
 I'll meet him Single at the time and place ;
 But for my Friend tell him he must excuse me :
 I'll hazard no Man in my Quarrel, but
 My self alone : ----- Who's within there ?

[*Exit Mefs.*

Enter a Servant.

Go call my Sister, and *Gonsalvo* hither.
 'Twas puth'd so far, that like two Armies, we
 Were drawn so closely up, we could not part
 Without engagement : --- But they must not know it.

[*Exit Servant.*

Enter Julia, Gonsalvo, Anideo.

I have some Business calls me hence, and know not
 When I shall return : But e'r I go,
 That pow'r I have by my Dead Fathers will
 Over my Sister, I bequeath to you :
 She and her Fortunes both be firmly Yours ;
 And this when I Revoke, let Cowardise

(*To Gonsalvo.*

Blast

Blast all my Youth, and Treason taint my Age.

Conſ. Sir, -----

Man. Nay, good, no thanks, I cannot ſtay. ---

[Exit Manuſel.

Conſ. There's ſomething more than ordinary in this :

Go Amideo, quickly follow him,
And bring me word which way he takes.

Amid. I go Sir.

[Exit Amideo.

[Julia Kneels.

Conſ. Madam, when you implore the Pow'r divine,
You have no Pray'rs, in which I will not join,
Though made againſt my Self.

[Kneels with her.

Jul. ----- In vain I ſue,
Unleſs my Vows may be convey'd by you.

Conſ. Convey'd by me? --- My ill ſucceſs in Love
Shews me too ſure I have few Friends above.
How can you fear your juſt deſires to want
When the Gods pray, they both requeſt and grant.

Jul. Heav'n has reſign'd my Fortune to your hand,
If you, like Heav'n, th' Afflicted underſtand.

Conſ. The Language of th' Afflicted is not new;
Too well I learnt it when I firſt ſaw you.

Jul. In ſight of me, you now command my Fate;
And yet the Vanquiſh'd ſeeks the Victors hate:
Ev'n in this low Submiſſion, I declare,
That had I Pow'r, I would renew the War.
I'm forc'd to ſtoop, and 'twere too great a blow
To bend my Pride, and to deny me too.

Conſ. You have my Heart; diſpoſe it to your will;
If not, you know the way to uſe it ill.

Jul. Cruel to me, though Kind to your deſert,
My Brother gives my Perſon, not my Heart:
And I have left no other means to ſue,
But to you only to be freed from you.

Conſ. From ſuch a Fate how can you hope ſucceſs,
Which giv'n, deſtroys the Givers happineſs?

Jul. You think it equal you ſhould not reſign
That pow'r you have; yet will not leave me mine;

Yet on my will I have the Pow'r, alone;
 And since you cannot move it, move your Own.
 Your Worth and Virtue my esteem may win;
 But Womens passions from themselves begin;
 Merit may be; but Force still is in vain.

Gonf. I would but Love you, not your Love constrain;
 And though your Brother left me to command,
 He plac'd his Thunder in a gentle hand.

Jul. Your Favour from constraint has set me free,
 But that secures not my Felicity;
 Slaves, who, before, did cruel Masters serve,
 May fly to Desarts, and in Freedom starve.
 The noblest part of Liberty they loose,
 Who can but shun, and want the Pow'r to choose.

Gonf. O whither would your Fatal reasons move!
 You court my Kindness to destroy my Love.

Jul. You have the Pow'r to make my Happiness,
 By giving that which you can ne'r possess;

Gonf. Give you to Rodorick? there wanted yet
 That Curse to make my Miseries complete.

Jul. Departing Adisers leave a Nobler mind;
 They, when they can enjoy no more, are Kind:
 You, when your Love is Dying in despair,
 Yet want the Charity to make an Heir.

Gonf. Though hope be Dying, yet it is not Dead;
 And Dying people with small Food are fed.

Jul. The greatest kindness Dying friends can have,
 Is to dispatch them when we cannot save.

Gonf. Those Dying people, could they Speak at all,
 That pity of their Friends would Murder call.
 For Men with Horrour dissolution meet;
 The Minutes, ev'n of painfull Life are sweet.

Jul. But I'm by Pow'rfull inclination led;
 And Streams turn seldome to their Fountain head.

Gonf. No, 'tis a Tide which carries you away;
 And Tides may turn though they can never stay.

Jul. Can you pretend to Love, and see my Grief
 Caus'd by your Self, yet give me no relief?

Gonf. Where's

Gonf. *Where's my Reward?*

Jul. *The honour of the Flame.*

Gonf. *I lose the Substance then, to gain the Name.*

Jul. *I do too much a Mistress's pow'r betray;*

Must Slaves be won by Courtship to Obey?

Thy Disobedience does to Treason rise,

Which thou, like Rebels, would'st with Love disguise.

I'll Kill my Self, and if thou can'st deny

To see me Happy, thou shalt see me Dye.

Gonf. *O stay! I can with less Regret bequeath*

My love to Rodorick, than you to Death:-----

And yet. -----

Jul. *What new Objections can you find?*

Gonf. *But are you sure you never shall be Kind?*

Jul. *Never.*

Gonf. *What never?*

Jul. *Never to remove.*

Gonf. *Oh fatal Never to Souls damn'd in Love!*

Jul. *Lead me to Rodorick.*

Gonf. *If it must be so!*

Jul. *Here, take me Hand, swear on it thou wilt go.*

Gonf. *Oh balmy Sweetness! but 'tis lost to me,*

*He kisses her
Hand.*

Like Food upon a Wretch condemn'd to Dye:

Another, and I Vow to go: ---- one more;

If I Swear often I shall be forswore.

Others against their Wills may haste their Fate;

I only Toyl to be unfortunate:

More my own Foe than all my Stars could prove;

They give her Person, but I give her Love.

I must not trust my Self. ----- Hippolito.

Enter Hippolito.

Hip. *My Lord!*

Gonf. *Quickly go find Don Rodorick out:*

Tell him the Lady Julia will be Walking

On the broad Rock that lies beside the Port,

And there expects to see him instantly.

In the mean time I'll call for *Amideo*.

Jul. You'll keep your promise to *Don Rodorick*;

Gonf. Madam, *Since you bring Death I welcome it*;

But to his Fortune not his Love submit. ----- [Exit *Gonfalvo*.

Hip. I dare not ask what I too faint would bear:

But, like a tender Mother, Hope and Fear;

My equal Twins, my equal care I make; ----- [Aside.

And keep Hope quiet lest that Fear should wake. [Exit *Hippolito*.

Jul. So, now I'm firmly at my own Dispose;

And all the Lets, my Virtue caus'd, remov'd:

Now *Rodorick* I come. -----

Enter Gonfalvo again.

Gonf. Madam, My Boy's not yet return'd.

Jul. No matter, wee'l not stay for him.

Gonf. Pray make not too much haste.

[Exit *Julia*, *Gonfalvo*.

Scene the Second.

Enter Don Rodorick, and Servant.

Rod. I Have you bespoke a Vessel as I bid you?

Serv. I have done better; for I have employ'd

Some, whom I know, this Day to seize a Ship;

Which they have done; Clapping the Men within her

All under Hatches, with such speed and silence,

That though she Rides at Anchor in the Port

Among the rest, the Change is not discover'd.

Rod. Let my best Goods and Jewels be Embarqued

With secrecy: wee'l put to Sea this Nighr.

Have you yet found my Sister, or her Woman?

Serv. Neither Sir; but in all probability

She is with *Manuel*.

Rod. Would God the meanest Man in *Alicante*

Had *Angellina* rather than *Don Manuel*:

I never can forgive, much less forget
 How he (the younger Souldier) was prefer'd
 To that Command of Horse which was my due ;
Serv. And after that, by force Disfeiz'd you of
 Your Quarters. -----

Rod. Should I meet him sev'n Years hence
 At th' Altar, I would Kill him there : --- I had
 Forgot to tell you the Design we had ;
 To carry *Julia* by force away
 Will now be needless ; Shee'll come to the Rock
 To see me , you unseen shall stand behind ,
 And carry her into the Vessel.

Serv. Shall I not help you to dispatch *Don Manuel* ?

Rod. I neither doubt my Valour, nor my Fortune :
 But if I Dye, revenge me : presently
 About your business ; I must to the Rock.
 For fear I come too late.

[*Exeunt severally.*

Scene the Third.

*Through a Rock is discover'd a Navy of Ships Riding
 at a distance.*

Enter Amideo.

Amid. **T**Hus far unseen by *Manuel*, I have trac'd him :
 He can be gone no farther than the Walk
 Behind the Rock ; I'll back and tell my Master.

Enter Hippolito at the other end.

Hip. This is the place where *Rodrick* must expect
 His *Julia* : --- How ! *Amideo* here !

Amid. *Hippolito* !

Hip. This were so fit a time
 For my Revenge ; had I the Courage, now :
 My Heart swells at him, and my Breath grows short ,

But

But whether Fear or Anger choaks it up,
I cannot tell.

Amid. He looks so Ghastfully,
Would I were past him; yet I fear to try it,
Because my mind mis-gives me he will stop me.
B' your leave *Hippolito*.

Hip. Whether so fast?

Amid. You'll not presume to hinder my Lords business?
He shall know it.

Hip. I'll make you sure, before,
For telling any Tales: Do you remember
Since you defended *Angellina's* Beauty
Against *Honoria's*; nay, and would maintain it.

Amid. And so I will do still; (I must feign Courage [Aside,
There is no other way.)

Hip. I'll so revenge
That Injury (if my Heart fails me not.)

Amid. Come, confess truly, for I know it fails you.
What would you give to avoid Fighting now?

Hip. No, 'tis your Heart that fails.

Amid. I scorn the Danger;
Yet, what Compassion on your Youth might do
I cannot tell; and therefore do not work
Upon my Pity; for I feel already
My stout Heart melts.

Hip. Oh! Are you thereabout?
Now I am sure you fear; and you shall Fight.

Amid. I will not Fight.

Hip. Confess then *Angellina*
Is not so Fair as is *Honoria*:

Amid. I do confess; now are you satisfied?

Hip. There's more behind; confess her not so worthy
To be belov'd; nor to possess *Gonzalvo*
As Fair *Honoria* is.

Amid. That's somewhat hard:

Hip. But you must do't or Dye.

Amid. Well, Life is sweet;
She's not so worthy: now let me be gone.

Hip. No,

Hip. No, never to my Master ; Swear to quit
His Service, and no more to see his Face.

Amid. I fain would save my Life, but that which you
Propose, is but another Name to Dye.
I cannot Live without my Master's Sight.

Hip. Then you must Fight with me for him.

Amid. I would

Do any thing with you, but Fighting for him.

Hip. Nothing but that will serve.

Amid. Lay by our Swords
And I'll scratch with you for him.

Hip. That's not Manly.

Amid. Well, since it must be so, I'll Fight : --- Unbutton.

[*Hippolito unbuttons slowly.*

How many Buttons has he ? I'll be one
Behind him till.

[*Aside.*

[*Unbuttons one by one after him.*

Hippolito makes more haste.

You are so Prodigal ; if you Lov'd my Master
You would not tear his Doublet so : ---- How's this !
Two swelling Breasts ! a Woman, and my Rival !
The Strings of Jealousie have giv'n me Courage
Which Nature never gave me :
Come on thou vile Dissembler of thy Sex ;
Expect no mercy ; either thou or I
Must Dye upon this Spot : Now for *Gonsalvo*. ----
Sa. --- Sa. ---

Hip. This courage is not counterfeit ; Ah me !
What shall I do ? for pity, gentle Boy. ---

Amid. No pity ; such a Cause as ours
Can neither give nor take it : If thou yield't
I will not spare thee ; therefore Fight it out.

[*Tears open his Doublet.*

Hip. Death to my Hopes ! a Woman ! and so rare
A Beauty that my Lord must needs Doat on her.
I should my Self if I had been a Man :
But as I am, her Eyes shoot Death at me.

Amid. Come, have you said your Pray'rs ?

Hip. For

Hip. For thy Confusion
Thou Ravenous Harpy, with an Angel's face;
Thou art Discover'd, thou too Charming Rival;
I'll be Reveng'd upon those fatal Eyes.

Amid. I'll tear out thine.

Hip. I'll bite out hungry Morfels
From those plump Cheeks, but I will make 'um thinner.

Amid. I'd beat thee to the Blackness of a Moor,
But that the Features of thy Face are such;
Such Damnable, invincible good Features,
That as an *Ethiop* thou would'st still be Lov'd.

Hip. I'll quite unbend that black Bow o'r thine Eyes;
I'll Murther thee, and *Julia* shall have him,
Rather than thou.

Amid. I'll Kill both thee and her
Rather than any one but I shall have him.

Hip. Come on, thou Witch.

Amid. Have at thy Heart thou Syren.

{ They draw, and Fight awkwardly, not coming
near one another.

Amid. I think I paid you there.

Hip. O stay a little
And tell me in what Corner of thy Heart
Gonsalvo lies, that I may spare that place:

Amid. He lies in the last drop of all my Blood,
And never will come out, but with my Soul.

Hip. Come, come, we Dally;
Would one of us were Dead, no matter which,

[They Fight nearer.

Enter Don Manuel.

Man. The pretty Boys that serve *Gonsalvo*, Fighting!
I come in time to save the Life of one.

{ Hippolito gets Amideco down in Closing:
Manuel takes away the Swords.

Hip. For goodness sake hinder not my Revenge.

Amid. The Noble *Manuel* has sav'd my Life:

Heav'ns,

Heav'n's, how unjustly have I hated him ! *[Aside.]*

Man. What is it, gentle Youths that moves you thus ?
I cannot tell what Causes you may find ;
But trust me, all the World, in so much Sweetness,
Would be to seek where to begin a Quarrel :
You seem the little *Cupids* in the Song,
Contending for the Honey-bagg.

Hip. 'Tis well

You'r come ; you may prevent a greater mischief :
Here 'tis *Gonsalvo* has appointed *Roderick*. ----

Man. To Fight ?

Hip. What's worse ; to give your Sister to him.
Won by her Tears, he means to leave her free,
And to redeem her Misery with his :
At least I so Conjecture.

Man. 'Tis a doubtfull
Problem ; either he Loves her Violently,
Or not at all.

Amid. You have betray'd my Master : --- *[To Hippolito, Aside.]*

Hip. If I have Injur'd you, I mean to give you
The satisfaction of a Gentlewoman. ----

Enter Gonsalvo, and Julia.

Man. Oh they are here ; now I shall be resolv'd.

Jul. My Brother *Manuel* ! what Fortune's this !

Man. I'm glad I have prevented you.

Gons. With what

Variety my Fate torments me still !
Never was Man so Dragg'd along by Virtue ;
But I must follow her.

Jul. Noble *Gonsalvo*,
Protect me from my Brother.

Gons. Tell me, Sir,
When you bestow'd your Sister on me, did not
You give her freely up to my dispose ?

Man. 'Tis true, I did ; but never with intent
You should restore her to my Enemy.

Gons. 'Tis past ; 'tis done : She undermin'd my Soul

H

With

With tears ; as Banks are Sapp'd away by streams.

Man. I wonder what strange Blessing she expects
From the harsh Nature of this *Roderick* ;
A Man made up of Malice and Revenge.

Jul. If I possess him I may be unhappy ;
But if I loose him I am surely so.

Had you a Friend so desperately Sick ,
That all Physitians had forsok his Cure ;
All Scorch'd without , and all Parch'd up within ,
The Moisture that maintain'd consuming Nature
Lick'd up, and in a Feaver fry'd away ;

Could you behold him Beg, with Dying eyes
A glass of Water , and refuse it him
Because you knew it Ill for his Disease ?
When he would Dye without it , How could you
Deny to make his Death more easie to him ?

Man. Talk not to me of Love, when Honour suffers ;
The Boys will Hiss at me.

Conf. I suffer most :
Had there been choice, what would I not have chose ?
To save my Honour I my Love must lose :
But promises once made are past debate ,
And Truth's of more necessity than Fate.

Man. I scarce can think your Promise absolute ;
There might some way be thought on, if you would
To keep both her, and it.

Conf. No, no, my promise was no trick of State :
I meant to be made truly Wretched first ,
And then to Dye ; and I'll perform them both.

Man. Then that Revenge I meant on *Roderick*
I'll take on you.

[*Drum.*

Conf. ----- I draw with such Regret
As Merchants throw their Wealth into the Sea ,
To save their sinking Vessels from a Wrack.

Man. I find I cannot lift my Hand against thee :
Do what thou wilt ; but let not me behold it.

Goes off a little way.

I'll cut this Gordian Knot I cannot loose :

To

To keep his promise, *Rodorick* shall have her;
 But I'll return and rescue her by force;
 Then giving back what he so Frankly gave,
 At once my Honour and his Love I'll save. [Exit Manuel.

Enter *Rodorick*.

Rod. How! *Julia* brought by him? --- Who sent for me?

Gonf. 'Twas I.

Rod. I know your business then; 'tis Fighting.

Gonf. You'r mistaken; 'tis something that I fear:

Rod. What is't?

Gonf. Why, --- 'twill not out: Here take her;

And deserve her; but no thanks;

For fear I should consider what I give;

And call it back. ---

* *Jul.* O my dear *Rodorick*!

Gonf. O cruel *Julia*!

For pity shew not all your Joy before me;

Stifle some part of it one Minute longer

Till I am Dead.

Jul. My *Rodorick* shall know

He owes his *Julia* to you; thank him, Love;

In faith I take it Ill you are so slow.

Rod. You know he has forbid me; and beside

Hee'll take it better from your Mouth than mine;

All that you do must needs be pleasing to him:

Jul. Still fullen and unkind!

Rod. Why then in short,

I do not understand the benefit:

Gonf. Not, to have *Julia* in thy free Possession?

Rod. Not brought by you; not of another's leaving:

Jul. Speak softly *Rodorick*: let not these hear thee;

But spare my Shame for the ill Choice I made

In loving thee.

Rod. I will speak Loud, and tell thee,

Thou com'st, all Cloy'd and tyr'd with his Embraces,

To profer thy pall'd Love to me: his Kisses

Do yet bedew thy Lips; the very Print

His Arms made round thy Body, yet remains.

Gonf. O Barb'rous Jealousie!

Jul. 'Tis an harsh word,
I am too Pure for thee; but yet I Love thee:

Offers to take his Hand.

Rod. Away, foul Impudence.

Gonf. Madam, you wrong
Your Virtue thus to clear it by Submission.

Jul. Whence grows this boldness, Sir? did I ask you
To be my Champion?

Rod. He chose to be your Friend, and not your Husband:
Left that Dull part of Dignity to me;
As often the worst Actors play the Kings.

Jul. This Jealousie is but excess of Passion,
Which grows up, Wild, in every Lovers breast;
But changes Kind when Planted in an Husband.

Rod. Well, what I am, I am; and what I will be,
When you are mine, my Pleasure shall determine.
I will receive no Law from any Man.

Jul. This strange unkindness of my *Roderick*,
I owe to thee, and thy unlucky Love;
Henceforth go Lock it up within thy Breast;
'Tis only harmless while it is conceal'd,
But opened spreads Infection like a Vault.

Go, and my Curse go with thee:

Gonf. I cannot go till I behold you Happy:

--- Here, *Roderick*, receive her on thy Knees;

Use her with that respect which thou would'st pay

Thy Guardian Angel if he could be seen.

--- Do not provoke my Anger by refusing.

I'll watch thy least Offence to her; each Word,

Nay, every sullen Look:

And as the Devils, who are Damn'd to Torments,

Yet have the Guilty Souls their Slaves to punish:

So under me, while I am Wretched, thou

Shalt be Tormented.

Rod. Would'st thou make me the Tenant of thy Lust,
To Toyl, and for my Labour take the Dreggs,

The Juicy Vintage being left for thee ?
No ; She's an Infamous, leud Prostitute ;
I loath her at my Soul ;

Gonf. I can forbear
No longer ; Swallow down thy Lye, foul Villain.

[*They Fight, off the Stage, Exeunt.*

Jul. Help, Help !

Amid. Here is that Witch whose fatal Beauty
Began the Mischief ; She shall pay for all.

[*Goes to Kill Julia.*

Hip. I hate her for it more than thou can't do ;
But cannot see her Dye my Master loves.

[*Goes between with her Sword.*

Enter Gonfalso, following Rodorick ; who Falls.

Rod. So, now I am at rest : ---
I feel Death rising higher still, and higher,
Within my Bosom ; every Breath I fetch
Shuts up my Life within a shorter compass :
And like the Vanishing sound of Bells, grows less
And less each Pulse, till it be lost in Air.

[*Swoons away.*

Gonf. Down at your Feet, much injur'd Innocence,
I lay that Sword, which ---

Jul. Take it up again,
It has not done its work till I am Kill'd :
For ever, ever, thou hast Robb'd me of
That Man, that only Man, whom I could Love :
Dost thou thus Court thy Mistress & thus Oblige her ?
All thy Obligements have been Fatal yet,
Yet the most Fatal now would most Oblige me.
Kill me : --- yet I am Kill'd before in him.
I lye there on the Ground ; Cold, cold, and Pale :
That Death I Dye in *Rodorick* is far
More pleasant than that Life I live in *Julia*. ---
--- See how he stands --- when he is bid dispatch me !
How Dull ! how Spiritless ! that Sloath posselt
Thee not, when thou didst Kill my *Rodorick*.

Gonf. I'm too Unlucky to Converse with Men :

I'll pack together all my Mischiefs up,
 Gather with care each little remnant of 'um
 That none of 'um be left behind : Thus loaded,
 Fly to some Defart, and there let them loose,
 Where they may never prey upon Mankind.
 But you may make my Journey shorter : --- Take
 This Sword ; 'twill show you how : ---

Jul. I'll gladly set you on your way : --- [*Takes his Sword.*

Enter three of Rodoricks Servants.

1. Make haste ; He's now Unarm'd ; we may with ease
 Revenge my Masters Death.

Jul. Now these shall do it.

Gonf. I'll Dye by none but you. ---

Hip. O here, take my Sword, Sir.

Amid. He shall have mine.

[*Both give their Swords to Gonfhalvo.*

Enter Manuel.

Man. Think not of Death,
 Wee'll Live and Conquer.

[*They beat them off.*

Man. These Fellows, though beat off, will strait return
 With more ; we must make haste to save our selves.

Hip. 'Tis far to th' Town,
 And ere you reach it you will be Discover'd.

Gonf. My Life's a burden to me, were not *Julia's*
 Concern'd ; but as it is, she being present
 Will be found accessary to his Death.

Man. See where a Vessel lies, not far from Shore ;
 And near at hand a Boat belonging to her ;
 Let's haste Aboard, and whar with Pray'rs and Gifts
 Buy our Concealment there : --- Come *Julia*.

Gonf. Alas, She Swoons away upon the Body.

Man. The Night grows on apace ; Wee'll take her in
 Our Arms and bear her hence.

} *Exeunt Gonfhalvo, and the Boys with*
 } *Manuel, carrying Julia.*

The

The Servants enter again.

1. They are all gone, we may return with Safety :
Help me to bear the Body to the Town.

2. He Stirs, and Breaths a little ; there may be
Some hope.

3. The Town's far off, and th' Evening cold ,
Let's carry him to th' Ship.

1. Hail then away :

Things once resolv'd are ruin'd by Delay.

[*Exeunt.*]

Act the Fifth.

Enter a Pyrat, and the Captain.

The Scene lying in a Carrack.

Pyr. **W**elcome a Ship-board, *Captain*, you staid long :
Capt. No longer than was necessary for shifting Trades ;
To change me from a *Robber* to a *Pyrat*.

Pyr. There's a fair Change wrought in you since Yester-day
Morning ; then you Talk't of nothing but Repentance, and
Amendment of Life.

Capt. Faith I have consider'd better on't :
For conversing a whole Day together with honest Men ,
I found 'um all so Poor and Beggary, that a civil
Person would be asham'd to be seen with 'um,
But you come from *Don Rodorick's* Cabin ; what
Hopes have you of his Life ?

Pyr. No danger of it , only loss of Bood
Had made him Faint away ; he call'd for you :

Capt. Well, are his Jewels and his Plate brought in ?

Pyr. They are ; when Hoyst we Sails ?

Capt. At the first break

Of Day : When we are got out clear, wee'l seize
On *Rod'rick* and his Men : They are not many ,

But

But fear may make 'um Desp'rate.

Pyr. We may take 'um,
When they are laid to Sleep.

Capt. 'Tis well advis'd.

Pyr. I forgot to tell you, Sir, that a little before *Don Rod'rick*
Was brought in, a company of Gentlemen (pursu'd
It seems by Justice) procur'd our Boar to Row 'um
Hither: Two of 'um carried a very fair Lady betwixt 'um,
Who was either Dead, or Swooned.

Capt. Wee'l Sell 'um altogether to the *Turk*,
(At least I'll tell him so.)

[*Aside.*

Pyr. Pray, Sir, let us reserve the Lady to our own uses;
It were a shame to good Catholics to give her up
To Infidells.

Capt. *Don Rod'rick's* Door opens, I'll speak to him. ---

{ *The Scene draws, and discovers the Captain's Cabin;*
} *Rod'rick on a Bed, and two Servants by him.*

Capt. How is it with the brave *Don Rod'rick*?

Do you want any thing?

Rod. I have too much.

Of that I would not, Love;
And what I would have, that I want, Revenge.
I must be set Ashore.

Capt. That you may, Sir;
But our own Safety must be thought on first.

[*One enters, and whispers the Captain.*

Capt. I come: --- Sennor, think you are Lord here, and command
All freely.

[*Exit Captain and Pyrat.*

Rod. He does well to bid me think so: I am of opinion

We are fallen into Hucksters hands.

1. *Serv.* Indeed he talk'd Suspiciously enough;
He half denied to Land us.

Rod. These, *Pedro*,

Are your Confiding men. ---

2. *Serv.* I think 'um still so.

Rod. Would I were from 'um.

2. 'Tis impossible

T'attempt is now; you have not Strength enough
To Walk.

Rod. That

Rod. That Venture must be mine ; wee'r lost
If we stay here to morrow.

2. I hope better.

1. One whom I saw among 'um, to my knowledge,
Is a notorious Robber.

2. He look'd so like a Gentleman, I could not know him then.

Rod. What became of *Julia* when I fell ?

1. We left her Weeping over you, till we
Were beaten off ; but She, and those with her
Were gone when we return'd.

Rod. Too late I find

I wrong'd her in my Thoughts ; I'm every way
A wretched Man : ---

Something we must resolve on e'r we Sleep ;

Draw in the Bed, I feel the Cold. [*Bed drawn in, Exeunt.*

Scene the Second.

Enter Gonfalso, Manuel, Hippolito, Amideo.

Hip. **N**ay, 'tis too true ; for Peeping through a Chink,
I saw *Don Rod'rick* lying on a Bed,
Not Dead, as we suppos'd, but only Hurt ;
So waited on as spoke him Master here.

Man. Was there ever so Fatal an adventure ?
To fly into that very Ship for refuge
Where th' only Person we would hunt, Commands !
This Mischief is so strange it could not happen,
But was the Plot and Juggle of our Fate
To free it Self, and cast the Blame on us.

Gonf. This is not yet our Fortune's utmost Malice ;
The Gall-remains behind : This Ship was that
Which Yester-day was mine ; I can see nothing
Round me, but what's familiar to my Eyes,
Only the Persons new ; which makes me think
'Twas seiz'd upon by *Rod'rick*, to revenge
Himself on me.

Man. 'Tis wonderfull indeed.

Amid. The only comfort is, we are not known,
For when we Enter'd it was Dark.

I

Hip. That

Hip. That comfort
Is of as short continuance as the Night,
The Day will soon discover us.

Man. Some way must be invented to get out.

Hip. Fair *Julia*, sadly pining by her Self,
Sits on her Bed; Tears falling from her Eyes
As silently as Dews in dead of Night.
All we consult of must be kept from her:
That moment that she knows of *Rodrick's* Life
Dooms us to certain Death.

Man. 'Tis well consider'd.

Gonf. For my part, were not you and she concern'd,
I look on my own Life, like an Estate
So charg'd with Debts, it is not worth the keeping.
We cannot long be undiscover'd by them;
Let us then Rush upon them on the sudden,
(All hope of Safety plac'd in our despair)
And gain quick Victory, or speedy Death.

Man. Consider first th' impossibility
Of the attempt; four Men, and two poor Boys
(Which added to our Number make us Weaker)
Against ten Villains, more resolv'd for Death
Than any ten among our Holiest Priests,
Stay but a little longer, till they all
Disperse to rest within their several Cabins,
Then more securely we may Set upon them;
And Kill them half before the rest can Wake:
By this means too, the Boys are usefull for us;
For they can cut the Throats of Sleeping men.

Hip. Now have I the greatest Temptation in the World to reveal
Thou art a Woman. [To *Amideo*.

Amid. If 'twere not for thy Beauty, my Master should know
What a Man he keeps. [To her.

Hip. Why should we have Recourse to desp'rate ways,
When safer may be thought on?
'Tis like giving the extream Unction.
In the beginning of a Sicknefs:
Can you imagine to find all Asleep?
The wicked Joy of having such a Booty

In their Possession, will keep some Awake;
And some, no doubt, will watch with Wounded *Rod'rick*.

Amid. What would your Wisdom now propose?

Hip. To say

That some of us are Sea-sick; (your Complexion
Will make th' excuse for us who are less Fair:)
So by good words and promises procure
We may be set Ashore, e'r Morning come.

Amid. O the deep Reasons of the grave *Hippolito*!
As if 'twere likely in so Calm a Season

We should be Sick so soon; or if we were,
Whom should we choose among us to go tell it?
For who ere Ventures out must needs be known;
Or if none knew us, can you think that Pyrats
Will let us go upon such easie terms
As promising Rewards? --- Let me advise you.

Hip. Now we expect an Oracle.

Amid. Here are Bundles

Of Canvas and of Cloath you see lye by us,
In which one of us shall Sow up the rest;
Only some Breathing place, for Air, and Food;
Then call the Pyrats in, and tell them, we
For fear had Drown'd our selves: And when we come
To the next Port, find means to bring us out.

Hip. Pithily spoken!

As if you were to bind up Marble Statues,
Which only bore the shapes of Men without,
And had no need of ever easing Nature.

Gonf. There's but one way left, that's this:
You know the Rope by which the Cock-boat's ty'd,
Goes down by th' Stern, and now we are at Anchor,
There sits no Pylot to discover us;
My Counsel is, to go down by the Ladder,
And being once there, unloose, and Row to Shore.

Man. This, without doubt, were best; but there lies ever
Some one or more within the Boat to watch it.

Gonf. I'll slide down first, and run the Venture of it;
You shall come after me, if there be need,
To give me Succour.

Man. 'Tis the only way.

Gons. Go in to *Julia* then, and fitt prepare her
With knowledge of the Pyrats, and the danger
Her Honour's in among such Barb'rous people.

Man. Leave it to me.

Amid. *Hippolito* and *Julia*,
My Rivals, like two pointed Rocks appear;
And I through both must to *Gonsalvo* steer.

[*Aside.*

[*Exeunt all but Hippolito.*

Hip. As from some steep and dreadfull Precipice,
The frighted Travellour casts down his Eyes,
And sees the Ocean at so great a distance,
It looks as if the Skies were sunk below him;
Yet if some Neighb'ring shrub (how weak foe'r)
Peeps up, his willing Eyes stop gladly there,
And seem to ease themselves, and rest upon it:
So in my Desp'rate state, each little comfort
Preserves me from despair: *Gonsalvo* strove not
With greater care to give away his *Julia*,
Than I have done to part with my *Gonsalvo*,
Yet neither brought to pass our hatefull wish:
Then we may meet, since different ways we move,
Chasing each other in the Maze of Love. [Exit Hippolito.

Scene the Third.

Enter Don Rodorick, *carried by two Servants.*

1 *Serv.* **I**T was the only way that could be thought on,
To get down by the Ladder to the Boar.

2. You may thank me for that Invention.

Rod. What a Noise is here! when the least Breath's
As Dang'rous as a Tempest.

2. If any of those Rogues should hear him talk,
In what a case were we?

Rod. O Patience, patience!
This Ass brays out for Silence.

Enter

Enter at the other end, Manuel, leading Julia ; Gonsalvo, Hippolito, Amideo.

Gons. Hark ! what Noise is that ? go softly.

They meet on the middle of the Stage.

Rod. Who's here ! I am betray'd ; and nothing grieves me
But I want strength to Dye with honour.

Jul. Rod'rick !

Is it thy Voice my Love ? Speak and resolve me
Whither thou Liv'lt, or I am Dead with thee ?

Man. Kill him, and force our way.

Rod. Is Manuel there ?

Hold up my Arm that I may make one thrust
At him before I Dye.

Gons. Since we must fall,

Wee'l Sell our Lives as dearly as we can.

1. Serv. And wee'l defend our Master to the last. [*Fight.*

Enter Pyrats, without their Captain.

1 Pyr. What's the meaning of this Uproar ? Quarrelling
Amongst your selves at Midnight ?

2 Pyr. We are come in a fit time to decide the difference.

Man. Hold Gentlemen, wee'r equally concern'd, { *To Rodorick's*
We for our own, you for your Masters safety ; } *Servants.*
If we joyn Forces we may then resist 'um,
If not, both Sides are ruin'd.

1 Serv. We agree ;

Gons. Come o'r on our Side then.

[*They joyn.*

1 Pyr. A Mischief on our Captain's Drowsiness ;
Wee'r lost for want of him.

[*They Fight.*

Gons. Dear Madam, get behind, while you are safe [*To Julia.*
We cannot be o'rcome.

[*They drive off the Pyrats, and follow them off.*

Rodorick remains on the Ground.

Rod. I had much rather my own Life were lost
Than Manuel's were preserv'd. ----

Enter the Pyrat's retreating before Gonsalvo, &c.

1 Pyr. All's lost ; they Fight like Devils, and our Captain
Yet Sleeping in his Bed.

2. Here lies Don Rod'rick ;

If we must Dye, wee'l not leave him behind. [*Goes to Kill him.*

Jul. O

Jul. O spare my *Rod'rick's* Life, and in exchange
Take mine; I put my Self within your Pow'r,
To Save or Kill.

I Pyr. So, here's another Pawn
For all our Safeties.

Man. Heav'n! What has she done?

Gonf. Let go the Lady, or expect no mercy:
The least drop of her Blood is worth all yours
And mine together.

I Pyr. I am glad you think so:
Either deliver up your Sword, or mine
Shall pierce her Heart this moment.

Gonf. Here, here, take it.

Man. You are not Mad to give away all hopes
Of safety and defence, from us, from her,
And from your Self at once!

{ *Manuel holds him.*

Gonf. When she is Dead
What is there worth Defending?

Man. Will you trust

A *Pyrat's* promise sooner than your Valour?

Gonf. Any thing, rather than see her in Danger.

I Pyr. Nay, if you dispute the matter!

[*Holds his Sword to her Breast.*

Gonf. I yield, I yield; Reason to Love must bow:
Love, that gives Courage, can make Cowards too.

[*Gives his Sword.*

Jul. O strange effect of a most Generous passion!

Rod. His Enemies themselves must needs admire it.

Man. Nay, if *Gonsalvo* makes a Fashion of it,
'Twill be Valour to Dye tamely.

[*Gives his.*

Hip. I am for Dying too with my dear Master.

Amid. My Life will go as eas'ly as a Flies,
The least Fillip does it in this Fright.

I Pyr. One call our Captain up: Tell him, he deserves little of
the Booty.

Jul. It has so much prevail'd upon my Soul,
I ever must acknowledge it.

[*To Gonsalvo.*

Rod. *Julia* has reason, if she Love him; yet
I find I cannot bear it.

[*Aside.*
Gonf. Say

Gonf. Say but you Love me ; I am more than Paid.

Ful. You ask that only thing I cannot give ;
Were I not *Rod'ricks* first, I should be Yours ;
My violent Love for him, I know is faulty,
Yet Passion never can be plac'd so ill ,
But that to change it is the greater Crime :
Inconstancy is such a Guilt, as makes
That very Love suspected which it brings ;
It brings a Gift, but 'tis of ill-got Wealth ,
The spoils of some forsaken Lovers heart :
Love alter'd once, like Blood let out before ,
Will lose its Virtue, and can Cure no more.

Gonf. In those few Minutes which I have to Live ,
To be call'd yours is all I can enjoy ;
Rodrick receives no Prejudice by that ;
I would but make some small Acquaintance here ,
For fear I never should enquire you out
In that new World which we are going to.

Amid. Then I can hold no longer ; --- your desire
In Death to be call'd Hers ; and all I wish
Is Dying to be Yours.

Hrp. You'l not discover ?

[*Aside.*

Amid. See here the most unfortunate of Women,
That *Angellina*, whom you all thought lost ;
And lost she was indeed ; when she beheld
Gonsalvo first.

All. How ! *Angellina* !

Rod. Ha !

My Sister ?

Amid. I thought to have fled Love in flying *Manuel* ,
But Love pursu'd me in *Gonsalvo's* Shape ;
For him I Ventur'd all that Maids hold dear ,
Th' opinion of my Modesty, and Virtue ,
My loss of Fortune, and my Brothers love.
For him I have expos'd my Self to Dangers ,
Which, (great themselves, yet) greater would appear ,
If you could see them through a Womans fear :
But why do I my Right by Dangers prove ?
The greatest Argument for Love, is Love :
That passion, *Julia*, while he Lives, denies ,

He

He should refuse to give her when he Dyes :
 Yet grant he did his Life to her bequeath ,
 May I not claim my share of him in Death ?
 I only begg, when all the Glory's gone ,
 The heartless Beams of a departing Sun.

Gonsf. Never was Passion hid so modestly,
 So generously reveal'd.

Man. Wee'r now a chain of Lovers link'd in Death ;
Julia goes first, *Gonsalvo* hangs on her ,
 And *Angellina* holds upon *Gonsalvo* ,
 As I on *Angellina*.

Hip. Nay, here's *Honorio* too : -----
 You look on me with wonder in your Eyes ,
 To see me here, and in this strange disguise.

Jul. What new Miracle is this ? *Honorio* !

Man. I left you with my Aunt at *Barcellona* ,
 And thought ere this you had been Married to
 The old Rich man, *Don Esteuan de Gama* :

Hip. I ever had a strange Aversion for him ;
 But when *Gonsalvo* Landed there, and made
 A kind of Courtship, (though it seems in Jeast)
 It serv'd to Conquer me, which *Esteuan*
 Perceiving, prest my Aunt to haste the Marriage.
 What should I do ? my Aunt importun'd me
 For the next Day : *Gonsalvo*, though I Lov'd him,
 Knew not my Love ; nor was I sure his Courtship
 Was not th' effect of a bare Gallantry.

Gonsf. Alas ! how griev'd I am, that slight address
 Should make so deep Impressions on your Mind
 In three Days time.

Hip. That accident in which
 You sav'd my Life, when first you saw me, caus'd it.
 Though now the Story be too long to tell ;
 Howe'r it was, hearing that Night you lay
 Aboard your Ship, thus as you see Disguis'd,
 In Cloaths belonging to my Youngest Nephew ,
 I Rose e'r Day, resolv'd to find you out ,
 And, if I could, procure to wait on you
 Without discovery of my Self ; but Fortune
 Crost all my Hopes.

Gonsf. It

Gonf. It was that dismal Night
Which tore my Anchor up, and tost my Ship
Past hope of Safety, many Days together,
Untill at length it threw me on this Port.

Hip. I will not tell you what my Sorrows were
To find you gone; but there was now no help.
Go back again I durst not: But, in fine,
Thought best, as fast as my weak Leggs would bear me
To come to *Alicant*, and find my Sister,
Unknown to any else: But being near
The City, I was seiz'd upon by Thieves,
From whom you Rescu'd me; the rest you know.

Gonf. I know too much indeed for my Repose.

Enter Captain.

Capt. Do you know me?

Gonf. Now I look better on thee,
Thou seem'st a greater Villain than I thought thee.

Jul. 'Tis he.

Hip. That Bloody wretch who Robb'd us in
The Woods.

Gonf. Slave! Dar'st thou lift thy Hand against me?
Dar'st thou touch any one whom he protects;
Who gave thee Life? But I accuse my self,
Not thee: The Death of all these Guiltless persons
Became my Crime that Minute when I spar'd thee.

Capt. It is not all your Threats can alter me
From what I have resolv'd.

Gonf. Begin then first
With me.

Capt. I will, by laying here my Sword.

All. What means this suddain Change?

} *Lays his Sword at*

} *Gonfalso's feet.*

Capt. 'Tis neither new, nor suddain: from that time
You gave me Life, I watch'd how to Repay it;
And *Rod'rick's* Servant gave me speedy means
T' effect my Wish: For telling me, his Master
Meant a Revenge on you, and on *Don Manuel*,
And then to seize on *Julia*, and depart:
I proffer'd him my Aid to seize a Vessel;
And having by Enquiry found out Yours,

Acquainted first the Captain with my purpose,
To make a seeming Maſt'ry of the Ship.

Man. How durſt he take your Word?

Capt. That I ſecur'd

By letting him give notice to the Ships
That lay about : This done, knowing the place
You were to Fight on was behind the Rock ;
Not far from thence, I, and ſome choſen Men
Lay out of Sight, that if foul Play were offer'd,
We might prevent it.

But came not in ; becauſe when there was need,
Don Manuel, who was nearer, ſtep'd before me.

Gonſ. Then the Boat which ſeem'd
To lye by chance, Hulling not far from Shore,
Was plac'd by your Direction there?

Capt. It was.

Gonſ. You'r truly Noble ; and I owe much more
Than my own Life and Fortunes to your worth.

Capt. 'Tis time I ſhould reſtore their Liberty
To ſuch of Yours as yet are ſeeming Priſ'ners.
I'll wait on you again.

[*Exit Captain.*

Red. My Enemies are happy, and the Storm
Prepar'd for them, muſt break upon my Head.

Gonſ. So far am I from Happineſs, Heav'n knows
My Griefs are Doubled : -----

I ſtand Ingag'd in hopeleſs Love to *Julia* ;
In Gratitude to theſe :

Here I have giv'n my Heart, and here I owe it.

Hip. Dear Maſter, trouble not your Self for me ;
I ever made your Happineſs my own ;
Let *Julia* witneſs with what Faith I ſerv'd you,
When you employ'd me in your Love to her.
I gave your Noble heart away, as if
It had been ſome light Gallant's, little worth :
Not that I Lov'd you leſs than *Angellina* ,
But my Self leſs than You.

Gonſ. Wonder of Honour,
Of which my Own was but a fainter Shadow ,
When I gave *Julia*, whom I could not keep.

You

You fed a Fire within, with too-rich Fuel ;
 In giving it your Heart to Prey upon ;
 The sweetest Off'ring that was ever Burnt
 Since last the *Phanix* Dy'd.

Hip. If *Angellina*, knew like me, the Pride
 Of Noble minds, which is to give, not take ;
 Like me she would be Satisfy'd, her Heart
 Was well bestow'd, and ask for no return.

Amid. Pray let my Heart alone ; you'll use it as
 The Gipsies do our Money ;
 If they once Touch it, they have Pow'r upon't.

Enter the Servant, who appear'd in the first Act with
Gonsalvo.

Serv. O my dear Lord, *Gonsalvo de Peralta* !

Rod. *De Peralta* said you ? You amaze me !

Gons. Why, Do you know that Family in *Sevil* ?

Rod. I am my Self the elder Brother of it.

Gons. *Don Rod'rick de Peralta* !

Rod. I was so,

Untill my Mother Dy'd, whose Name *de Sylva*
 I chose, (our Custom not forbidding it)

Three Years ago, when I return'd from *Flanders* :

I came here to possess a fair Estate

Left by an Aunt ; her Sister, for whose sake,

I take that Name, and lik'd the place so well,

That never since I have return'd to *Sevil*.

Gons. 'Twas then that change of Name which caus'd my Letters
 All to miscarry : What an happy Tempest

Was this, which would not let me rest at *Sevil*,

But Blew me farther on to see you here.

Amid. Brother, I come to claim a Sister's share ;
 But you'r too near me, to be nearer now.

Gons. In my room let me beg you to receive
Don Manuel.

Amid. I take it half unkindly,
 You give me from your Self so soon ; *Don Manuel*
 I know is Worthy, and but Yester-day
 Preserv'd my Life ; but it will take some time
 To change my Heart :

Man. I'l

Man. I'll watch it patiently, as *Chymists* do
Their golden Birth; and when 'tis Chang'd, receive it
With greater care than they their rich Elyxir,
Just palling from one Vial to another.

Rod. *Julia* is still my Brother's, though I loose her.

Gonf. You shall not loose her; *Julia* was Born
For none but you;
And I for none but my *Honorio*:
Julia is Yours by Inclination;
And I by Conquest am *Honorio's*.

Hon. 'Tis the most Glorious one that e'r was made:
And I no longer will dispute my Happiness.

Rod. *Julia*, you know my peevish Jealousies;
I cannot promise you a better Husband
Than you have had a Servant.

Jul. I receive you
With all your Faults.

Rod. And think, when I am Froward,
My sullen Humour punishes it self;
I'm like a Day in *March*, sometimes o'r-cast
With Storms, but then the after Clearness is
The greater: The worst is, where I Love most,
The Tempest falls most heavy.

Jul. Ah! What a little time to Love is Lent?
Yet half that time is in Unkindness spent.

Rod. That you may see some hope of my Amendment,
I give my Friendship to *Don Manuel*, ere
My Brother asks, or he himself desires it.

Man. I'll ever Cherish it.

Gonf. Since for my Sake you become Friends, my care
Shall be to keep you so: You, Captain, shall
Command this Carrack, and with her my Fortunes:
You, my *Honorio*, though you have an Heart
Which *Julia* left, yet think it not the worse;
'Tis not worn out, but Polish'd by the wearing.
Your merit shall her Beauties pow'r remove;
Beauty but gains, Obligement keeps our Love.

Exeunt.

FINIS.